

Lee W. Norton,  
Kingsville,  
Virginia.

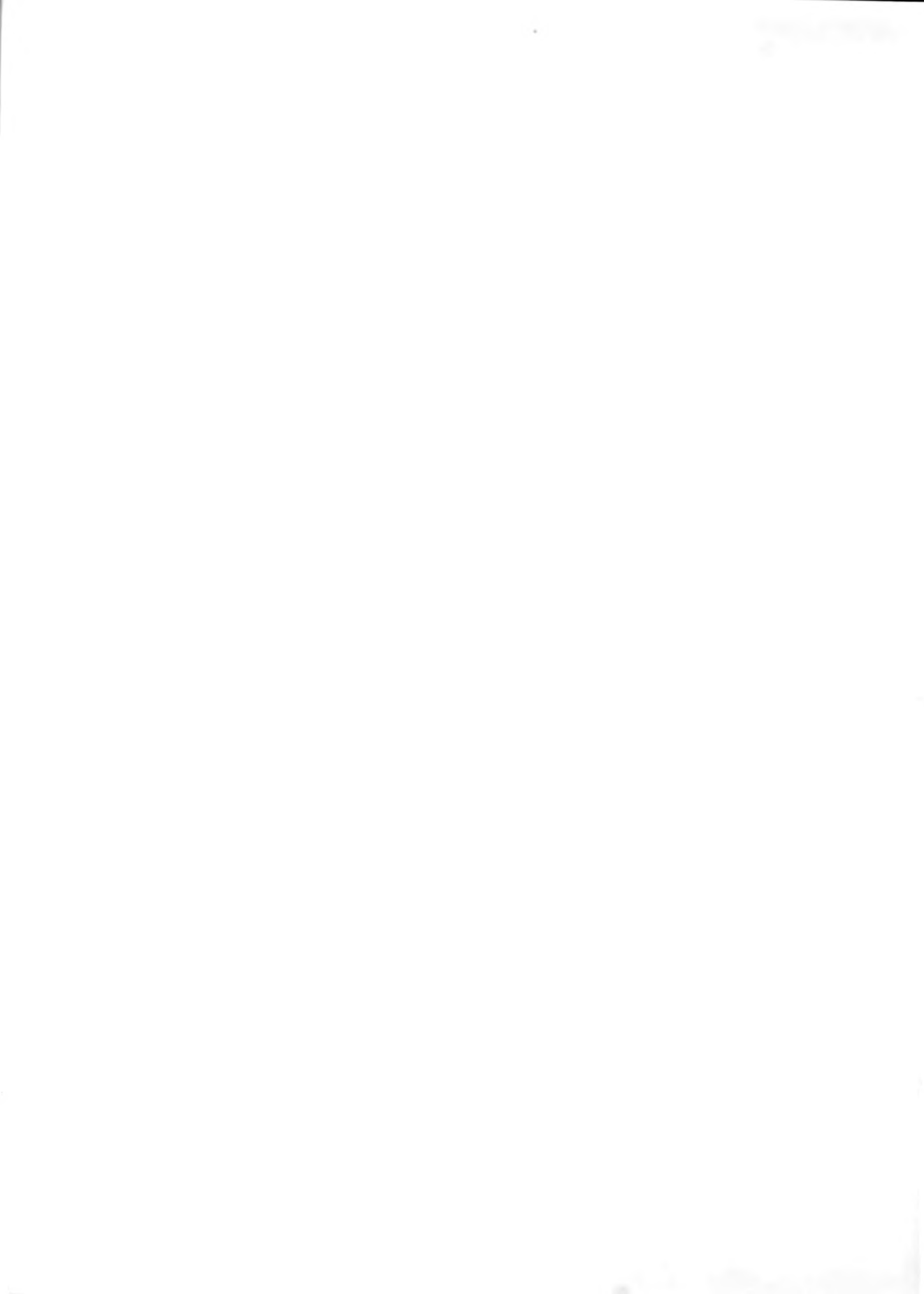




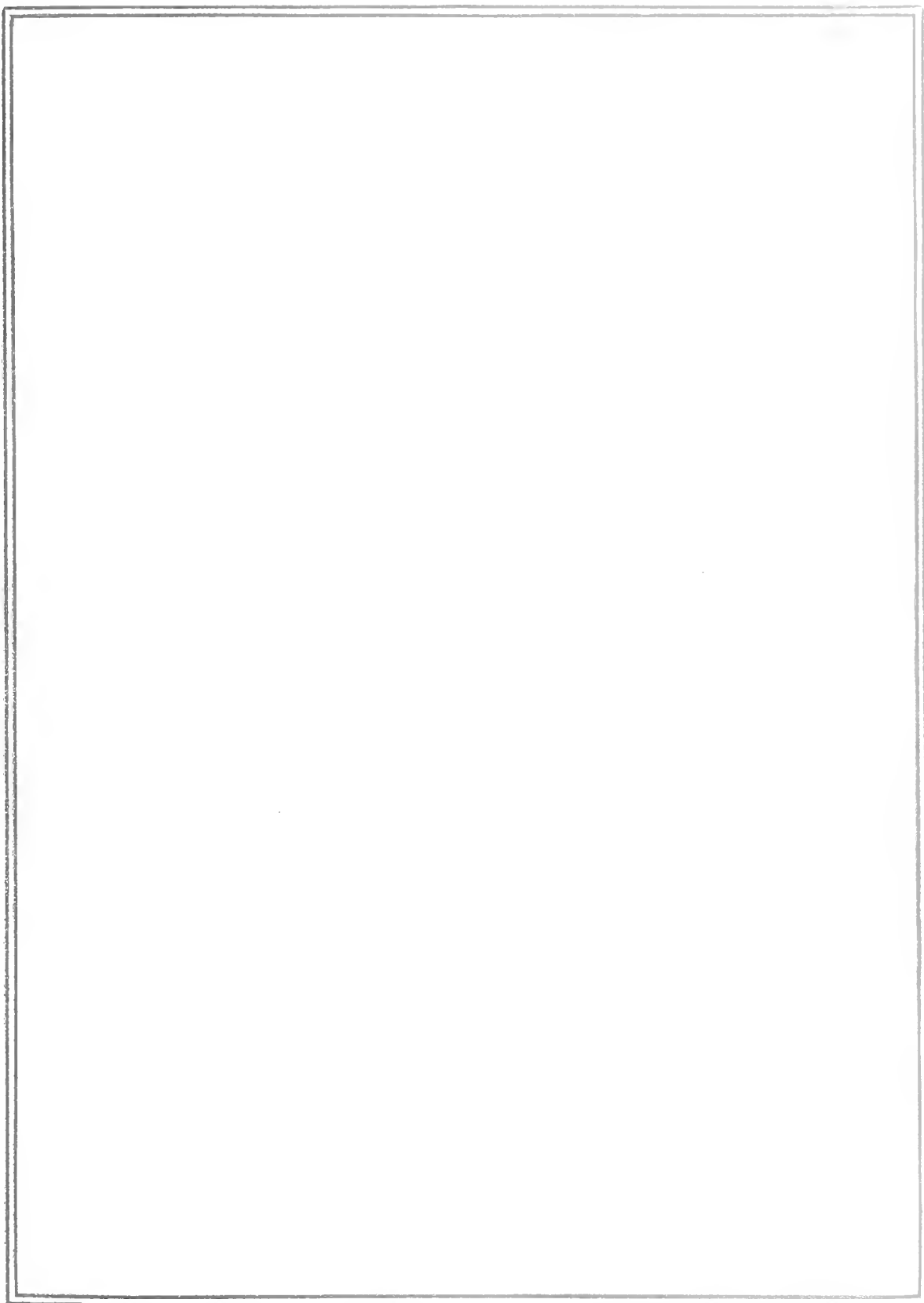
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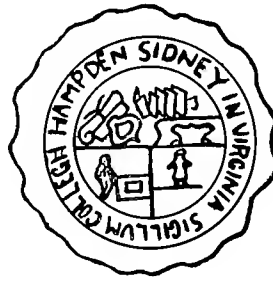






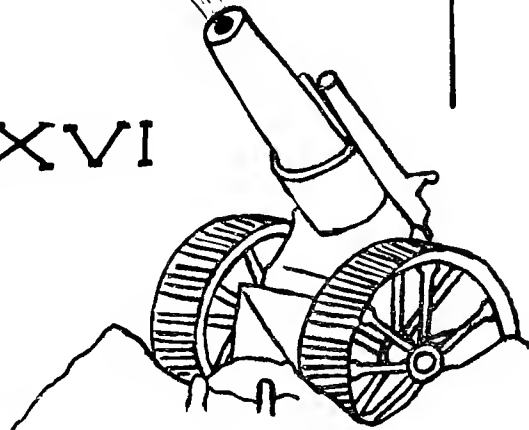
H. TUCKER GRAHAM GYMNASIUM.

# KALEIDOSCOPE



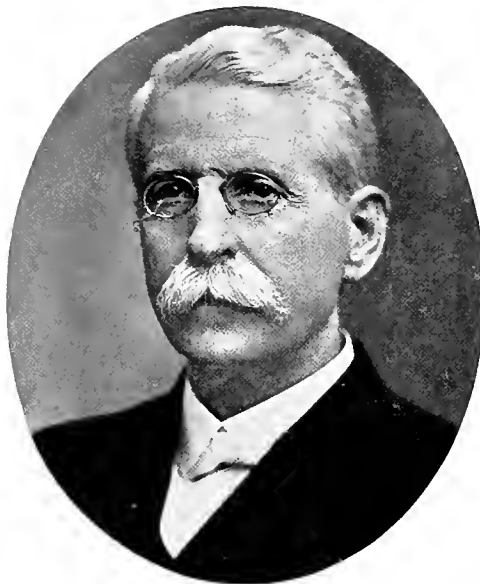
VOL. XXXVI

EFER



To  
**James Edward Booker, D. D.**

As some small tribute to his perennial  
youth, his inspiring joy in life, and  
his unbounded sacrifice to  
Hampden-Sidney College, we  
humbly and devotedly  
dedicate the Kaleidoscope  
of 1918



JAMES EDWARD BOOKER, D. D.

## Who Knows?

J. B. CUNNINGHAM, '20

Tiny acorn, down the hillside  
Dancing with the leaping leaves,  
Finds its grave beneath the footstep—  
'Neath the farmer's careless footstep—  
Strdling there to count his sheaves,

Yet who knows but what that acorn,  
When it grows, and grows, and grows,  
May give shelter from the burning  
Sun to patriot hosts returning  
To the homes they've saved—who knows?

Little brooklet, gently gliding  
Down through meadow, gorge, or wood,  
Seems, but for its tuneful babble  
And its cleansing, cooling waters,  
Seems to do no earthly good.

Yet who knows but what that brooklet,  
As by poet's hut it flows,  
May impart some simple measure  
That all saddened souls shall treasure  
In their weary hours—who knows?

Patient toiler, once a dreamer,  
All thy youthful hopes are fled;  
Swifter runners have outplayed thee,  
Beast of burden they have made thee—  
Made a footstool of thy head.

Yet who knows but what thou, toiler,  
When the hidden verdict goes,  
May be then proclaimed the stronger,  
For thou foughtest harder, longer,  
While they fought to rest—who knows?



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## Reverend James Edward Booker, D.D.

By A. M. FRASER, D.D.

THIS number of the Kaleidoscope is dedicated to the Reverend J. E. Booker, D.D., with sentiments of affection and admiration. Dr. Booker is an alumnus of Hampden-Sidney, and no man ever passed out of the college who carried through life a greater pride in it or a more filial devotion to it. It reflects an honor upon the Kaleidoscope and upon the college to present him to our readers as the patron of this number.

He was born at Charlotte Court House, Virginia, February 11th, 1850, but was reared in Prince Edward County, and lived in that county until he left it in 1878 to become an ordained pastor in another part of the State. He was graduated from the college in 1870 and the following year went to Europe, remaining there for three years. A part of the time he was in Europe he was a student at the universities of Göttingen and Leipzig in Germany, and the remainder of the time he spent in Switzerland seeking rest and health. In 1875 he became a student for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary, then situated at Hampden-Sidney, and was graduated from that Seminary in 1878. Soon after leaving that institution he accepted a call to the pastorate of the then recently organized Second Presbyterian Church at Staunton, Virginia, in which charge he continued for eight years. In 1886 he became co-pastor with the Rev. J. C. Barr, D.D. of the First Church, Charleston, West Virginia. He was called to Hebron Church in Augusta County, Virginia, in 1888 and was pastor there for twelve years. It was while he was serving in that capacity that the Synod of Virginia called him in 1895 to be Chairman of its Committee of Evangelistic Work. He carried on this work in connection with his pastoral duties till the year 1900, when he resigned from both positions and became a general evangelist of Synod. In 1902 he was compelled to give up all work for several months because of impaired health. When his health was sufficiently restored he was installed as Pastor of Timber Ridge Church in Rockbridge County. He remained in this charge for only a few months. The Synod's Evangelistic Work having been reorganized and projected on a broader scale, as Synod's Home Mission Work in 1903, Dr. Booker was called to be Chairman and Treasurer of the Committee and Superintendent of Home Missions. He has held that responsible and difficult place from that time until the present. In 1915 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity simultaneously from Washington and Lee University and Hampden-Sidney College.

In 1877 Dr. Booker was married to Miss Sallie B. Peck, a daughter of the Reverend Thomas E. Peck, D.D., for many years a distinguished professor of Union Theological Seminary, and one of the ablest among the builders of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Throughout life Mrs. Booker has been the loving and helpful co-laborer of her husband. Three daughters and one son lived to be

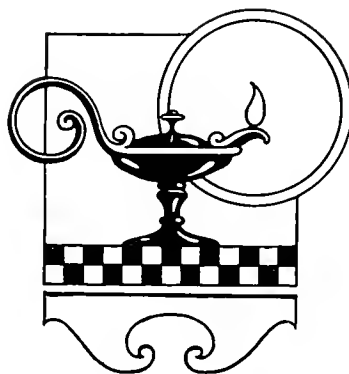
grown. About the time the son was grown, his health failed, and after a lingering and painful illness, which he bore with manly and Christian fortitude, he died. The three daughters, with several grandchildren live to gladden the parents' lives as they draw near to the approaches of age.

Dr. Booker's strongest work as a pastor was done at Hebron Church. It was while he was there that his unusual gifts of resourcefulness and leadership began to be generally recognized, and he was called out of the comparative quiet of a country charge to be Chairman of Synod Committee of Evangelistic Work, being thus introduced to the great work of his life. At that time the Synod itself had not begun to realize the importance or the possibilities of its own evangelistic work. Few of the churches or ministers were interested in it. Over three hundred ministers and over four hundred churches had to be waked up from a lethargic state. Not only interest but enthusiasm had to be created. They not only had to be created but sustained, and also made to grow. In those early days of Dr. Booker's connection with this Home Mission Work, the amount contributed by the churches was so small that the Synod could not afford to give its Chairman any compensation for his services, and yet it was in those days that he did his most laborious and effective work. He was carrying all the labors and responsibilities of the immense task Synod had put upon him, and at the same time doing the unabated work of a large and scattered country pastorate. The serious detriment to his health, of which mention has been made, was the result of the hard work and the nervous strain of those days. It well nigh cost him his life. But he has long since recovered from that. Vigorous and masterful at the age of sixty-eight years, he is enjoying the almost complete triumph of his cause. Less than five per cent of the churches of Synod fail to contribute each year to the work, nearly two-thirds of the churches contribute all that Synod asks them to contribute, and nearly one-third contribute more than they are asked. The work has expanded so as to include other forms of Home Mission work. Nearly every Presbytery now employs a man for his whole time as Superintendent of Home Missions and Sabbath Schools. Weak churches have been revived and supplied with settled pastors, destitute territory has been occupied, waste fields have been reclaimed, and thousands of souls have been brought into the Kingdom. Besides all this, the Synod is contributing (a diminishing amount year by year) from its own home mission treasury to aid the new and weaker Synods of West Virginia and Appalachia, occupying in whole or in part territory recently within the bounds of the Synod of Virginia. Under Dr. Booker's administration Synod's Home Mission Work has become a living, powerful force, and he is the author of its inspiring slogan, "THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH IS MISSIONS." At the annual meetings of Synod Dr. Booker's report on Home Missions and the stirring addresses he makes himself and secures from others never fails to hold the center of interest. Has any alumnus of the College done a more substantial and lasting work? "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."

It is safe to surmise that among all the hosts of men who have attended Hampden-Sidney not one has loved it with a more powerful or more unselfish devotion. A few years ago he became deeply affected by the condition of the old burying ground of Union Seminary in the suburbs of the village. After the removal of the Seminary to Richmond it was impossible for the Seminary authorities to give the burying ground the same attention that it had received before the removal. Dr. Booker obtained permission to put improvements upon it. Laboring at it with his own hands, spending his own money upon it freely, he has converted it into a beautiful spot, worthy of the precious dust of dear ones, and the venerable dust of Hampden-Sidney's mighty citizens of a by gone time which are buried there. As one good deed is worthy of another, he next gave his attention to beautifying the college campus. It had already been greatly improved, and he completed the work, making it as beautiful a college campus as there is in the South.

It is a fitting expression of his rare attachment to Hampden-Sidney that he has now come back to "The Hill" with his family to make this his home for the remainder of his life. If he ever does get old (which is doubtful), he will grow old here, but whether old or young in years, his youthful heart will always cherish a love for this place, its traditions, its development, its professors and students and alumni and everything else that bears any relation to the college of his youth and the chosen home of his later life.

Staunton, Va., Jan. 14th, 1918.





Some Views of the Past Winter.



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W.H. Whiting



J.H.C. Winston



J.H.C. Bagby



J.A. Clarke



J.W. Curry

## "The Last Post"

JAMES R. GREGG, '21

Afar I watched the scarlet sunset  
Tint the iridescent west,  
Saw it stream one glorious blood red  
O'er the ocean's placid breast.

When, clarion in the evening stillness,  
Faintly I heard a bugle call;  
In mournful undulations sounding,  
Sweetly did it rise and fall.

The bugler's blast is ended,  
And the sable shadows reign,  
Leaving me, alone and saddened,  
Pondering o'er the haunting strain.

'Twas "The Last Post" that had sounded;  
'Twas a hero's last farewell,  
Given by his sorrowing comrades,  
By the ones for whom he fell.

For him no more the cannon's roar,  
No more the battlefield,  
To his soul, by strife unsullied,  
Mars' chains have got to yield.

And, turning round, I entered  
With a slow and heavy tread  
Past the lilacs to my bedroom,  
Gloomy, thinking of the dead.

---

## A Prayer

With bounteous hands Thy gifts are spread,  
On us thy creatures of the sphere;  
The pale blue sky, the sunset red,  
The golden grain, the harvest ear,  
The sheltering roof above our head,  
Thy gifts, O Lord, increase each year,  
For Thou to some hath given great wealth;  
With fame of men have some been blest,  
To many Thou doth give good health;  
On all a blessing Thou doth rest,  
If then, O Father, I make bold  
To choose the blessing Thou wouldst send—  
(From all Thy richness, wealth untold)  
On me— I only ask—a friend.



## Editorial

There are those who are wont to criticise, some favorably, others in no such pleasing terms. To both, the staff feels that some explanation of the current edition of the Kaleidoscope is due, partly in justice to them, partly in defense of our own feeble efforts. Apologies may be necessary, but they are not forthcoming from a group of students, who, in a self-confident spirit so characteristic of many college men, feel that they have done their work well. The editor, however, knows that explanations are due and makes them unreservedly.

Our work has been accompanied by many disappointments and a like number of pleasures. The small size of our student body, in the beginning, was a source of much uncertainty as to the publication of the year-book, but those who have remained with us have responded nobly to our every request. During the compilation of the manuscript we have elected three business managers, a cause of much confusion. The late start which the staff made in its work, due to the confusion incident to the war, has caused a decrease in the financial returns from the advertisements and consequently a forced reduction in the size of the annual. The withdrawal from college during the session of several men, who have entered their country's service, has forced us to break the uniformity in the arrangement of our photographs, military pictures being unavailable in several instances. With the exception of the introduction of the military feature, there is no material difference between this and former publications, despite our cherished hope that the book might possess originality. We have tried to do well the work committed to our hands,—we hope you approve of our efforts. The annual is the work of the entire staff and to them as a whole any credit is due.

Our debt of gratitude for literary contributions is due to Dr. A. M. Fraser of Staunton, Va., Dr. H. Tucker Graham of Florence, S. C., Dr. A. J. Morrison of Hampden-Sidney, Va., and Lieutenant David A. Haller, commander of the Base Hospital, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. Mrs. S. B. Withers, Mr. E. F. Neal and Mr. Roland A. Thomas of New Orleans have given their hearty co-operation by furnishing us with art work. To the Hammersmith Engraving Co. of Milwaukee a special debt of gratitude is due for their helpful advice and material aid at all times during the year. Dr. A. W. McWhorter of the Faculty has rendered valuable services to the entire staff.

## A Near-Decade on College Hill

EX-PRESIDENT H. TUCKER GRAHAM, D.D.

SOME years ago a writer in the *Kaleidoscope* closed his description of Hampden-Sidney with these words: "It is the only authenticated fragment of the Garden of Eden." I do not know the name of the writer, but I do know that in this quaint phrase he has expressed the loyalty that lives in the hearts of generations of Hampden-Sidney men and their fixed conviction that there is no place in the world that is just like Hampden-Sidney or that quite equals it in the influence it has exerted upon the men that have lived and moved upon its campus.

More than seven-score years ago the College entered upon its great mission, and however far its sons may have journeyed, or however great the interval of time which separates them from their college days, their hearts turn back to the Hill with an affection that is as romantic as it is strong and abiding.

A few have indeed failed in their allegiance to their foster mother in her hour of greatest need, and have given their support to other institutions which had no traditional claim upon their interest and had less of lasting value to bestow. Yet that the College has succeeded to a rare degree in retaining her hold upon her proper constituency is indicated by the fact that the names that appear in her earliest student rosters are called in her classrooms to-day.

The Editor has asked me to say something of the period covered by my official connection with the Hill, and in an unguarded moment I promised to comply with his request, though not without certain misgivings which have been accentuated with the passage of time, but retreat being now impossible, I shall endeavor in a measure at least to redeem a rash promise.

The call of the Board to undertake the delicate and exacting duties of the presidency of my Alma Mater came to me like a bolt out of a clear sky, though I have no doubt that my own surprise was shared by some who were too considerate to give voice to their own feelings in the premises. At the time I did not feel that I could or should leave the pastorate for any other work, however important and attractive it might be. In the early Autumn of 1908 this call was renewed under circumstances which led me to the conviction that a further refusal was not possible. Hence with very grave misgivings as to my own qualifications for so high a task I undertook the work.

That the office to which the generous confidence of the Board had called me was in good old English sense, "a cure" and not a sinecure was clearly understood. Indeed no work that is really worth the doing is easy of accomplishment—or ought so to be. Trusting, therefore, that difficulties might be met and vexing problems solved as they emerged, I endeavored to give to the College through nine years of manhood's prime the very best service I could command in head and heart and hand. However much may have been wanting in skill and wisdom, I feel sure that nothing of loyal and devoted effort was omitted by me. Winter and summer I toiled for the upbuilding of the College, and enjoyed but one real vacation during my term of office. Such strength of body and of mind as I chanced to have has been during these years so interwoven with the life of my Alma Mater that, as the English Queen is reported to have said of Calais, so might I say that when life is ended the words "Hampden-Sidney" will be found graven upon my heart.

It was clearly realized at the outset that the two special tasks that confronted me were corrective and constructive. Unhappily there were old sores not a few that must be deftly handled, a note of optimism must be substituted for an all too prevalent and pernicious pessimism. Grave troubles had marked the past half dozen years of the college history. There were not a few that questioned the possibility of overcoming the effects of these unhappy and accumulated experiences. There was no inconsiderable amount of apathy among the friends and Alumni of the institution, coupled with an enormous amount of uncertainty and discouragement. The report was widely current that the College was slowly dying, and students hesitated to enter an institution of which these things were being currently reported. People of means were still more reluctant to contribute their money to its rehabilitation. Very much of this was due to a misunderstanding of the real situation, but it is always difficult to fight an enemy who has taken to cover and declines to come out in the open.

My first efforts then were directed toward clearing the atmosphere and attempting to create a friendly and sympathetic attitude toward the College on the part of the public, and there is good reason to believe that these efforts were successful to a marked degree.

Within a few months the college plant was thoroughly overhauled and put in modern and up-to-date condition. This was perhaps the most effective way of silencing the rumors just mentioned. Institutions, like individuals, that are *in articulo mortis*, or that are planning to remove to what is regarded as a more

favorable location, do not spend large sums of money in plant and equipment at the old site. Moreover, the buildings were in a dilapidated condition, and Hampden-Sidney could no more hope to compete with prosperous institutions until it had transformed its plant, than an army can hope with the old flint lock rifle to cope with a rival armed with magazine rifle and machine gun.

Cushing Hall was made over from top to bottom and a badly damaged building was transformed into what a University professor, after careful inspection, frankly pronounced "the best dormitory in Virginia". Every piece of woodwork in the building was removed, and the unofficial roster of the institution for eighty years gave place to new doors, windows, floors, wainscoting, and stairs. Steam heat, and acetylene gas were installed both in Cushing Hall and in McIlwaine Hall. Porches were added at the South entrance of each of the four passages, without marring the ancient appearance of the building, and yet adding vastly to its attractiveness.

Later the Students' Club was renovated and made attractive and comfortable indoors and out. A system of granolithic walks begun in the summer of 1908 through the active labors of P. T. Atkinson, '07, have been greatly extended, and add immensely to the neatness of the campus as well as to the convenience of students and the cleanliness of the buildings.

In 1908 a small tank located in the loft of Cushing Hall supplied that building with water. Every now and then that genial friend of every student and loyal employee of the College—"B. S."—proved a little too generous in his operations at the pump house, over-ran the tank, and gave to the Fourth Passage residents an involuntary showerbath. This tank was removed and a modern 25,000 gallon tank was erected just west of Cushing Hall. In 1908 the community was dependent upon wells for its water supply. No college residence possessed a bathroom. Now every residence owned by the College is fully equipped in bathroom and kitchen to the great relief of the housekeepers and the comfort of the community in general. Most of the private homes on the Hill are also amply supplied with water from the college plant.

Perhaps the best of all these improvements from the student point of view is the new gymnasium. The old president's house, for long years practically empty, seldom swept and never garnished, has been remodeled. The entire basement has been concreted; a splendid heating plant, with ample fuel space, installed; a large well-lighted dressing room, together with a bathroom liberally supplied with showerbaths, lavatories, and every modern equipment, have been provided. The Y. M.

C. A. was assigned a room on the second floor, and a large Assembly room for the use of our own and visiting athletic teams was provided, though the furniture, ordered twelve months before, had not arrived when I left the Hill. The remaining six rooms in the old building were fitted up as a student dormitory with water and other conveniences on each floor.

The gymnasium was erected on the south side of this building, and was made an integral part of it. The interior measurement of the gymnasium is 90 x 46 ft., with a clear pitch of 20 ft. to the trusses. The gallery which encircles the building provides liberal space for spectators, and enables them to view the games without interfering with the players in any way. This gallery is also constructed as an indoor running track. The building has ample light and ventilation by day and two chandeliers give abundant light at night.

It was my constant effort to make these improvements serve also as profitable investments, not only in the matter of attracting and holding students, but as a means of turning much needed cash into the treasury—an administrative policy which, though adopted by the Board with many misgivings, worked out to their entire satisfaction. For when the Trustees discovered that this form of investment proved more profitable than any other, long faces and dubious comments gave place to approving words.

During my official connection with the College contributions amounting in round numbers to \$60,000. in cash were received by the College, and an additional \$15,000. in solvent pledges came into the hands of the treasurer during that time. Besides all this a large legacy was left the College by a generous-hearted elder of the Virginia Synod. The executor informed me that this legacy will amount to \$125,000., though the money will not come immediately into the possession of the College. As president, I was definitely informed of a number of other legacies that will come to the College in due course of time. I have no doubt that these bequests constitute some of the direct and fruitful results of the Endowment Campaign, which has been recently conducted, and while the immediate outcome of this canvass was somewhat smaller than we had hoped for, the ultimate returns will exceed the largest expectations of the President and Board.

On August 1, 1917, the total assets of the College, exclusive of buildings and grounds, amounted to \$218,336. It may not be without interest to indicate the increase in the income of the College during my connection with it. The figures given were officially reported to me by the Treasurer and Curator.

Treasurer's receipts, 1916-17 .....	\$13,801.12
Curator's receipts, 1916-17 .....	\$11,690.16
<hr/>	
Total net receipts, 1916-17 .....	\$25,491.58
Total net receipts of both departments, 1908-09.....	\$17,759.76
<hr/>	
Increase in receipts .....	\$10,131.82

Translated into terms of endowment, this increase in our current receipts during this period is equivalent to an additional endowment of more than \$200,000, at 5% interest, or to more than \$175,000 at 6% interest.

Until relatively recent years American colleges had no hard and fast rules as to entrance requirements, but with the advent of the Carnegie Foundation academic standards rapidly crystallized. During my connection with the College the requirements for admission to full Freshman standing were gradually raised from eight high school units to 11, with the further definite announcement in the catalogue that, beginning with September, 1918, 15 units will be required for unconditioned entrance. Thus the amount of work of high school grade that must be completed before a student can enter "without condition" upon his college career has been almost doubled in the last decade. In spite of this, the enrollment last year was considerably larger than when my connection with the college began. Couple with these more rigid entrance requirements the further fact that such thorough work is required in the classroom and at examination time, and it is not difficult to understand why the diploma of Hampden-Sidney College ranks so high in the academic world. A brilliant professor in one of the leading institutions in Virginia stated to me several years ago that in his judgment the A. B. of Hampden-Sidney College is the best conferred by any Southern college. While retaining what was best in the old courses of study, the old college has been keeping steadily abreast with the developments that have been taking place in the academic world.

Any resumé of this decade would be incomplete which did not include some reference to the very notable development in the spirit of the campus. Last spring I was called on unexpectedly to speak of the college at a meeting of Presbytery. When I had concluded my statement, our pastor, Rev. W. J. King, said to me: "You failed to mention the most striking improvement that has marked the last nine years, viz: the radical change in the spirit and the deportment that marks our campus life. I never saw an improvement so pronounced."



As a result of many untoward circumstances, there had been a gradual development of an unfortunate spirit among the students, which led to disorders not a few and developed a spirit of antagonism to authority that was as unfortunate as it was hurtful. The student body as a whole seemed to regard the faculty as a body hostile to their interests and, therefore, to be opposed and pestered in every way short of open rebellion, although the personal relations between the individual student and his professor were of a pleasant and friendly nature. This altogether anomalous state of affairs created a delicate situation for the faculty and made the work of the present extraordinarily difficult. Just how such a situation could have arisen, even for a brief period, remains a mystery to me, for no college faculty has ever extended so many courtesies to the young men under its care as that at Hampden-Sidney, and no institution in the land has embraced in its student body so high a percentage of choice young men.

In spite of this discouraging outlook and the many disappointments that marked the efforts of those earlier years, this remarkable situation was gradually eliminated, and there has been developed on our campus an esprit de corps that has challenged the admiration of college men throughout the state, and has called forth the strong commendation of all who now come in contact with our students whether away from the campus or on the Hill. It would be difficult to find anywhere a relation between students and faculty more nearly ideal than that which now exists at Hampden-Sidney.

I desire here to record my admiration for the students of Hampden-Sidney. I believe them to be the choicest body of young men gathered in any institution in America. The number has never been large, but the type of young manhood that through the long years has been drawn to our campus is by common consent exceptionally high. One registered at another institution informed me several years ago that a group of students gathered on that campus was discussing the student personnel of the several Virginia colleges. A young man from a distant state remarked that he had often heard that the personnel of the student body at Hampden-Sidney was the best in Virginia, and my informant declared that it was the unanimous view of that student group that this estimate was correct. A verdict as generous it is was true.

When the "Boys of '61", under their gallant captain, President J. M. P. Atkinson, were captured by General McClellan's army among the mountains of West Virginia, the Federal commander, learning that there was a student company

among the prisoners, promptly rode over to pay his respects to their commander. After he looked closely at the group of Hampden-Sidney men he remarked: "Captain Atkinson, these boys of yours ought not to be carrying muskets. They ought themselves to be serving as officers in your army, for you evidently have in that company the choice young men of the old commonwealth."

A few years ago one of our captains of industry, the able, genial, and cultured president of the Southern Railway, Mr. Fairfax Harrison, was our Commencement orator. Though the grandson of an Alumnus, he had never been at Hampden-Sidney, but before his first day had ended, he remarked to me: "Your students evidently come of the very best Virginia stock. I have never seen so fine a body of students." I answered: "That is my own view of the situation, but how did you discover the fact so quickly?" He replied: "You have merely to look into the faces of these young fellows to realize that they represent an unusual type of manhood."

The athletic director of a college with which we have had for years the keenest possible rivalry said to me: "Your students are a remarkable set of young men. The fine atmosphere of your campus and the great traditions of the college are reflected in the spirit of the students of to-day. Throughout all the activities of our college league I can trace the influence of Hampden-Sidney—its high type of sportsmanship and the fine spirit manifested by its teams, whether in victory or defeat."

I would likewise give expression to my admiration for the athletic prowess of the boys who wear the Garnet and Gray. While the other colleges in the Eastern League have an enrollment that is from 50 to 150% greater than ours, other institutions know that when they meet a Hampden-Sidney team they will find a foe-man well worthy of their steel. During the past ten years, Hampden-Sidney has stood at or close to the top in the championship race in football. During that period our teams have won the championship twice, have tied the race four times, and four other times, with victory apparently within their grasp, they have lost by a mere hair's breadth—the margin of defeat falling gradually from seven points down to one. In the last eleven games played in the Eastern League they have not been scored upon by a rival team—a record never equalled in the history of the League. In baseball, tennis, and basketball they have acquitted themselves with high credit, though their success in these sports has been less conspicuous. I have been often asked how a team picked from a student body no larger than ours can

acquit itself so brilliantly. My answer has invariably been: "The explanation of a Hampden-Sidney team is the explanation of Lee's army. Its strength lies not in mere numbers, but in the type of men who fill the ranks."

Having been a participant in out-of-door sports from boyhood, I have always been an enthusiast in the matter of college athletics *not as an occupation but as a recreation*. My interest in these college games has been as keen as that felt by and student player or rooter. It is even hinted that the President has been known to throw his hat in the air and yell as loudly as one of the boys over some thrilling play. It is also rumored that on one occasion when a vaunted rival, after a brilliant fight on Venable Field, went down in defeat before the resistless attack of the H. S. boys, the President quite forgot the dignity of his office and publicly embraced the father of the boy who made the play. While on a similar occasion a gray-haired Doctor of Divinity, oblivious of his surroundings, proceeded to express his delight by beating the President and the Curator over the head with his overcoat—greatly to the amusement of the onlookers. These rumors have not been successfully challenged, and yet the officer involved is wholly unashamed and records the fact without apology.

It has been a pleasure to be identified through the years with the work of the old college, and to be associated with the fine young men who have maintained the reputation of their Alma Mater in so many lines of student activity, and who are fitting themselves for lives of influence and of service which shall reflect credit upon themselves, and bring added luster to their Alma Mater. May their tribe increase, and may the old college continue through all the years her glorious service to mankind—and to the Kingdom of God.

Florence, S. C., Feb. 7th, 1918.







MISS LETTYE E. COX  
Sponsor of the Senior Class

# SENIOR



## Senior Class Officers

### SECOND TERM

M. N. Suter .....President  
E. F. Neal .....Vice-President  
E. E. Herzig ....Secretary-Treasurer  
C. S. Sydnor .....Historian

### FIRST TERM

E. C. Owen .....President  
W. T. Bondurant .....Vice-President  
H. G. Allen ....Secretary-Treasurer  
C. S. Sydnor .....Historian



HENRY GUTHRIE ALLEN

© X, H-S

Prospect, Va.

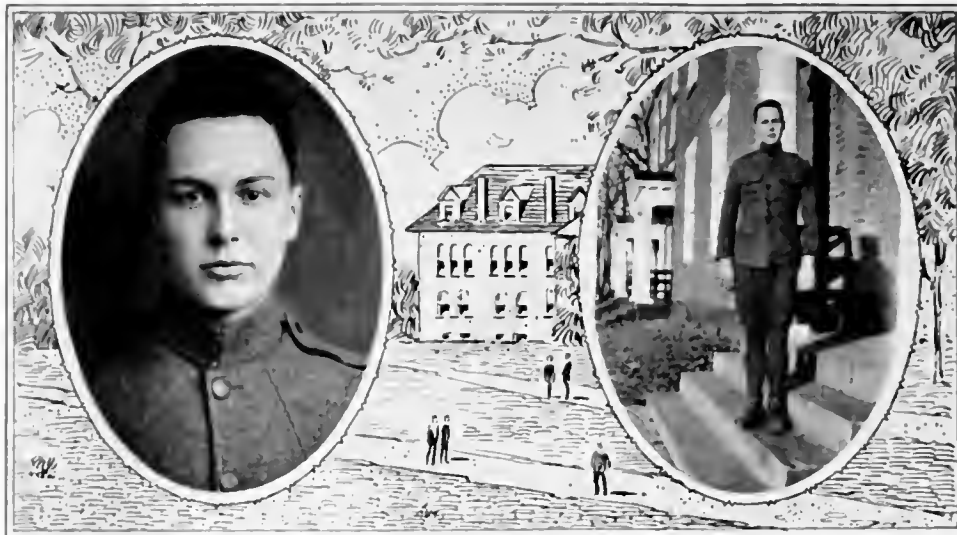
PHILANTHROPIC

Chairman Devotional Committee, 1915-'16; Pres. Class (1st Term), 1915-'16; Student Council, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Auditor Steward's Club, 1915-'16-'17; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., 1916-'17; Vice-Pres. Class (1st term), 1916-'17; Pres. Class (2nd term), 1916-'17; Varsity Football Team, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1916-'17; Sec. I. P. A., 1915-'16; Pres. Y. M. C. A., 1917-'18; Pres. Student Council, 1917-'18; Sergeant Co. "A".

"GUTHRIE"

The writer's first impression of Guthrie was favorable; for four long years we've trod together the rugged roads to "Senior-dom" and still lasting is that impression. Those of us who know him best have grown to value higher his sterling qualities as the passage of time has bound together in lasting bonds of friendship hearts once strangers to each other. As we separate from the vine-clad walls of the institution which we love, we shall bear with us through life a noble impress of the character and good works of this representative man.

To Hampden-Sidney Guthrie has been a great asset: he is privileged to boast the proud distinction of having been an important factor in twice "bringing home the bacon" to his Alma Mater in the form of football cups; in fact he's an All-Eastern guard, but we've never heard him herald abroad his honor. By his departure the Y. M. C. A. loses a most efficient president and noble worker for good. As chief-executive of our Student Council, he has revolutionized the aims and ideals of our number who would fain wander from paths of peace. Then, too, he has waxed eloquent and the society hall has awakened from quiet slumber to hearken to this child of old Cluster. Briefly but fully,—Allen and honor are synonymous words; all of his works he has done well. Always we have loved him as a fellow-student. We predict for him a life of good works accompanied by ample reward.



# RUSH WALTON BONDURANT

Rice, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Winner Tuckett Prize Scholarship for Sophomore Class, 1915-'16; Member Rice Quartette, 1914-'15-'16; President Second Passage; Captain Tiger Cub Baseball Team, 1915-'16; Scrub Football Team, 1917-'18; German Club; Tennis Club.

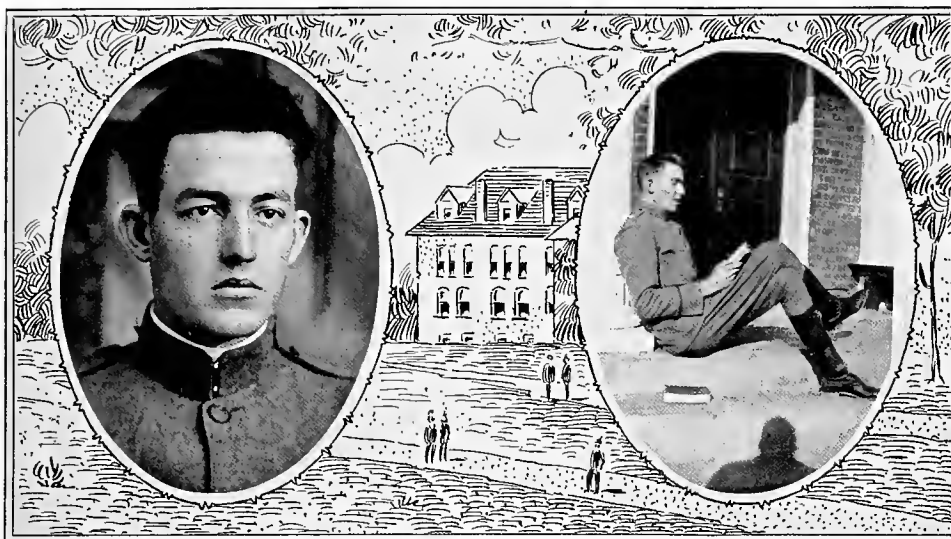
## "Rush"

He came to the "Hill" four years ago from the nearby village of Rice as a true product of Prince Edward and has won the esteem and respect of his fellow-students by always playing the part of a gentleman. If the sage was right when he said that "Silence is golden", it is indeed true that we have with us a multi-millionaire, for he is never known to have used a superfluous word in speaking. And yet we should not think that Rush lacks "pep" when the time comes for action. Ask some of the Freshmen. You should see him when the annual "bawl" on second is held. 'Tis there that by means of that wonderful persuasive power which several years' work on the farm has produced, that he has made so many lasting "impressions" on the chief "dancers".

We have also in our fellow-student from Rice one who is by no means a bad scholar. In the session of '15-'16 he was awarded the Tuckett scholarship, having made the highest scholastic average of his class. He is modest almost to a fault, very quiet and unassuming. His large heart has been the target for many of Cupid's darts and something tells us that one has pierced the center. May happiness and success attend his future years!

But whatever else may be attributed to Rush, he is a true friend. We feel sure that such a one must succeed in life and it is with regret that we see him leave our campus to enter upon life's journey.





## WILLIAM THOMAS BONDURANT

H-S

Rice, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

President Second Passage, 1916-'17; Member Rice Quartette, 1914-'15-'16; Bear Cat Football Team, 1915-'16; Marshal Field Day, 1915-'16; Class Basketball Team, 1916-'17; Sec.-Treas. Class (1st term), 1916-'17; Asst. Mgr. Football Team, 1916-'17; Mgr. Football Team, 1917-'18; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., 1917-'18; Bus. Mgr. Kaleidoscope, 1917-'18; Vice-Pres. Class (1st term), 1917-'18; 2nd Lieut. Co. "A".

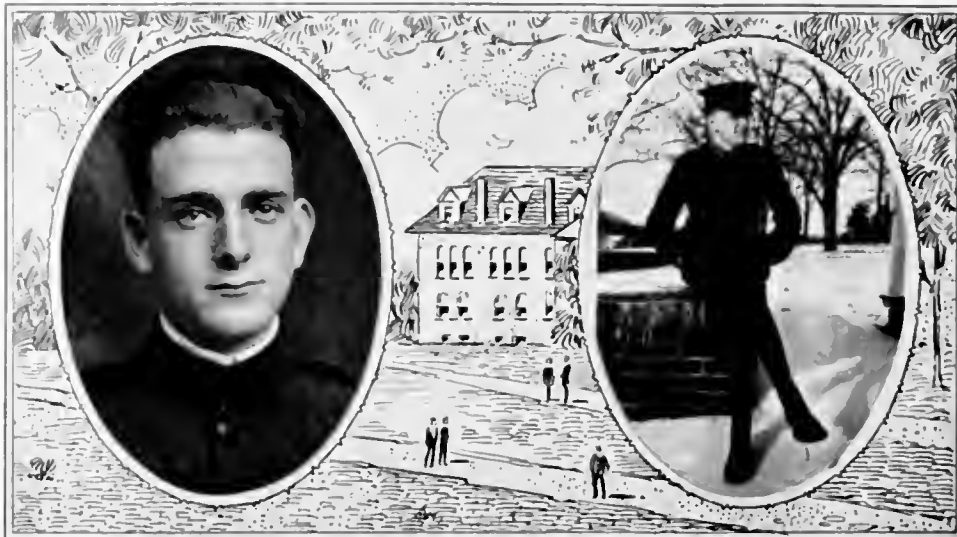
### "VENUS"

Like David of old he was so fair and ruddy of countenance and like Saul—so manly of stature—that some recognition of this fact had to be made, so the matter was compromised by calling him "Venus de Milo" or "Venus" for short and, though the glory may in some manner have departed, the name still remains as a reminder of better days.

But however important his appearance may be, yet it is not his greatest asset. His geniality, bigness of heart, and general good nature have won for him a permanent place in the hearts of all. He was one of the most substantial men in school, being actively engaged in almost all parts of college life. Business seems to have been his specialty. He was decidedly successful as manager of that 1917 championship football team. Also as manager of the Kaleidoscope and editor of the Y. M. C. A. handbook, he has proved his true worth.

"Venus" is a shark among the ladies,—a fact that will readily be sworn to and attested by "Ching". Moreover he sings a delightful tenor in which there is "nothing missing but the voice". He must be an antique collector from the interest which he shows in "garrets".

But we come now to the part concerning him which we are proudest yet saddest to relate. Just before the Xmas holidays he left to enlist in the service of his country. While we deeply regret his loss to the college, we are proud of the gallant way in which he denied himself for the sake of his country.



GEORGE HUTCHESON DENNY

Θ X

Charles Town, W. Va.

UNION

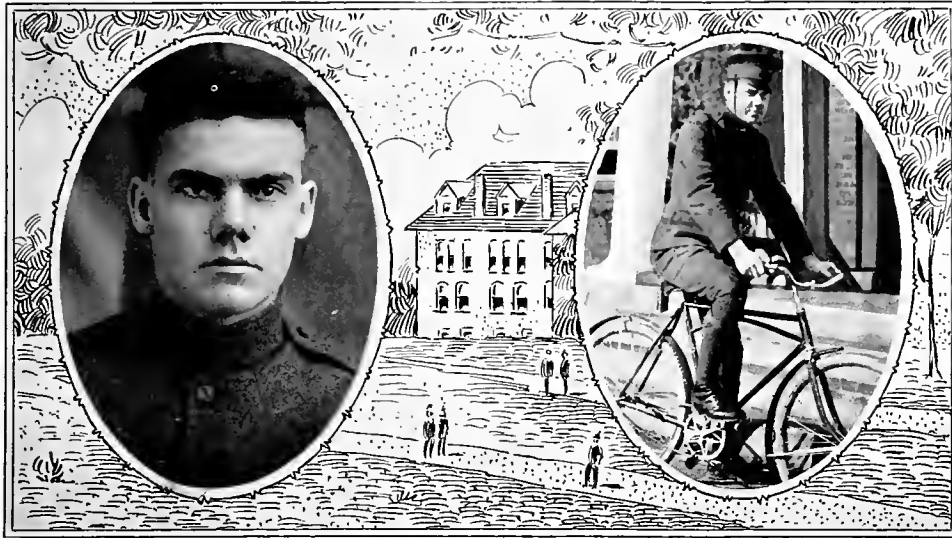
Intermediate Marshal, 1914-'15; Gymnasium Team, 1916-'17; Rough Rider, Oct. 20-21, 1916; Class Basketball Team, 1916-'17; Tennis Club; Corporal Co. "A", 1917-'18; German Club; Comity Club; Vice-Pres. W. Va. Club, 1917-'18; Member "Addie" House.

#### "Bish"

His name is George, but we, who know him best, delight most to call him "Bish". The name, of course, stands for much, but the possessor of it stands for more. In fact, Denny has always meant what we think it does,—goodness and renown, and in George the family has another descendant of whom it can be justly proud. His father is one of our Alma Mater's noble sons and "Bish" is fast following in the footsteps of his worthy example.

We admire those who have to study for the knowledge that they acquire. George is a student,—one who masters Chemistry III. must be and this he has done to our entire satisfaction. The road to Latin III. was paved with cobble stones, but he trod it as if it were inlaid with jewels. The problems of Math. he conquered more easily than the writer and he knows full well that they are intricate. In his chosen task then he has done well and we laud him for his success.

But, important as are the routine duties of college life, there is yet a trait which is predominant in his life. He is a friend to all at all times,—unassuming and reticent even to a marked degree, but one whom those who know know only to love. Oftimes discouragements have caused us to adopt pessimistic moods, but when we have come into contact with this congenial, optimistic and level-headed fellow, we have been set aright by his kindly advice. He is a true friend. What more or better could we say? We predict for him a life of usefulness and service to others, the greatest mission of man.



WILLIAM WHITFIELD ELLIOTT

Darlington Heights, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Member of Country Club; Member Third Passage, 1916-'17; Member Second Passage, 1917-'18; Instructor Preparatory Latin; Assistant Librarian.

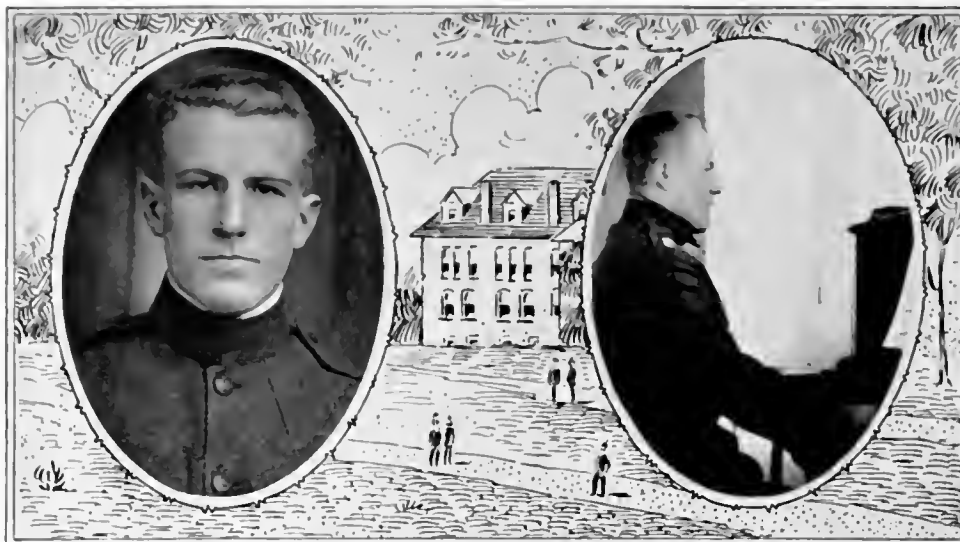
#### "BUNNY"

"Let my due feet ne'er fail to walk the studious cloisters pale!"

Behold a studious student at H-S! Behold the man whom the professors know is always ready to make a hundred when quizzed! Behold the man who is the encyclopaedia and lexicon of the lazier and less studious! But you will have to peep through the windows of his room to see him. There, perchance, behind a green eye-shade and a pile of huge and apparently dry volumes you may glimpse his "Bunnyship" or rather "Owlship". Even when he goes from his room to the class halls or to the dim and dusty library to confer with Aristotle or Plato or Archimedes or Newton or some other of his ancient chums, he looks upon the world through huge round windows.

Often on Saturday nights "Uncle John" complains of being kept awake by the voluminous outpour of euphonic and polysyllabic phrases from the Phip Society hall. Were it not for the fact that the phrases are so full of thought and information, we might well call them Euphuistic verbirosities. For two years he was a member of the Country Club and walked or rode his wheel six or eight miles every day in all kinds of weather in pursuit of the Golden Fleece, alias the A.B. degree.

"Bunny" is certainly a shark. It takes a shark to comprehend him. He is always ready with a smile or more substantial help for his friends. We can predict nothing but success for the man that walked over five thousand miles to get his degree and in spite of such a handicap has never had his escutcheon disgraced by a "D" or a "three".



JAMES ROBERT GRAHAM, JR.

K A, II-S

Tsing-Kiang-Pu, China

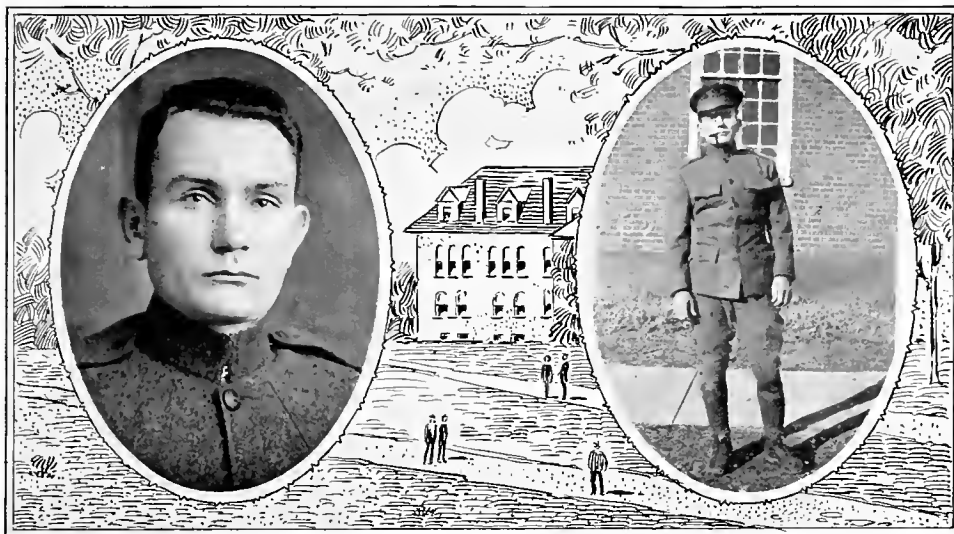
UNION

Permanent Winner Hawes' Tennis Trophy, 1914-'15-'16-'17; Substitute Varsity Football Team, 1915-'16; Substitute Varsity Basketball Team, 1915-'16; Winner Inter-collegiate Tennis Championship (singles and doubles), 1915-'16; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Y. M. C. A. Representative Students' Conference, Blue Ridge, N. C., 1915-'16; Varsity Basketball Team, 1916-'17-'18; Varsity Football Team, 1917-'18; Intermediate Senior Orator, 1917-'18; Gym. Annex Quartette; 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, 1917-'18.

#### "Ching"

One beautiful sunny day about four years ago a ship set sail from the far-distant shores of China, laden with a precious cargo. A few weeks later "Ching" Graham arrived on the "Hill", and in spite of the fact that he found things a bit different over here, it was only a brief period before he was hitting his stride and we all knew him. "Jimmy" got a good beginning by taking several sets of tennis from Doctor Winston during those first few days. For four consecutive years he's been the winner of the tennis cup and spent a few days in Richmond last year winning the trophies of the E. V. I. A. A. In spite of the fact that he had never seen a football game before he came over he made more touchdowns this season than any other man in the league and was the unanimous choice for All Eastern Half-back. Incidentally he's a two-year letter man in Basketball. "Ching" is a student of rare ability. He clearly proved that much by making up nine hours in summer school which is more than a lot of us can do in a whole year.

He's a great, big, warm-hearted chap and despite his ability as a Mexican athlete, he's an excellent fellow, the kind that it takes to make the world go round.



ERNEST EDWARD HERZIG

H-S

Meherrin, Va.

UNION

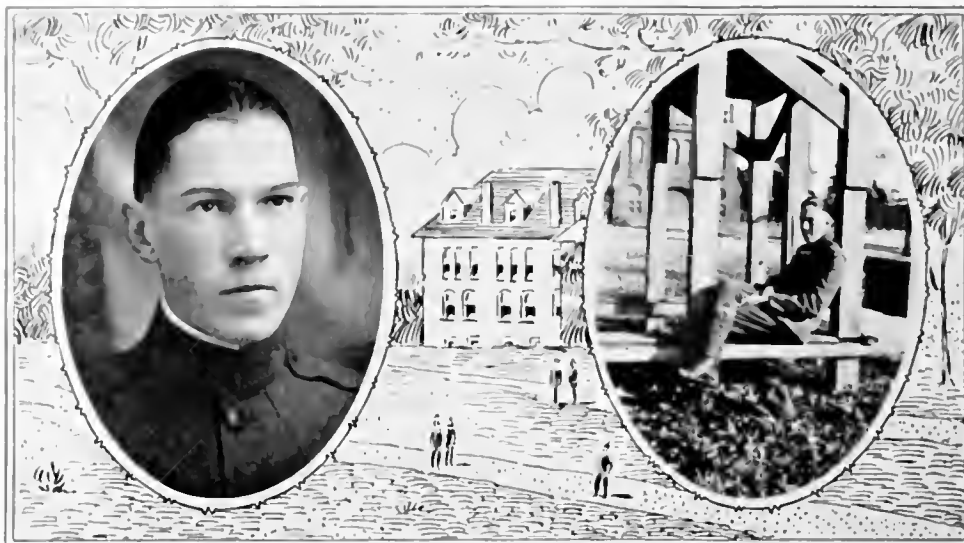
Substitute Varsity Football Team, 1913-'14; Varsity Football Team, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Member Championship Football Teams, 1915-'16, 1917-'18; Substitute Varsity Baseball Team, 1915-'16-'17-'18; President Country Club, 1917-'18; Co. "B"; Sec.-Treas. Class (2nd term), 1917-'18; Capt. Class Basketball Team, 1917-'18.

#### "DUTCH"

Although of German descent, the subject of this sketch in his actions and sympathies tends rather toward the Dutch than the German,—hence his nickname. "Dutch" is a sturdy, independent man who forms his own opinions of various subjects and is not afraid to express them. He is diligent and dependable, a man who works when he works and plays when he plays. But he is by no means partial to his studies but devotes a large part of his time to other activities. Be that as it may we can thus soon detect in him a rival of Kant in philosophical argument and discourse.

His specialty is football. A veteran of four seasons,—he holds an enviable reputation. Anyone who has seen him play will unhesitatingly commend him for the marvellous fighting spirit displayed. It was in '15 that he was rewarded largely for his splendid efforts, for it was then that his recovery of a fumble in the last game of the season resulted in victory and the championship as well as fame for himself. His experience and knowledge of the game were greatly in demand throughout the past season in helping to round the team into shape.

We are expecting great things of "Dutch". A man of his ability and determination can never be satisfied with little things. His practical views as well as his genial disposition and ready smile have made for him among the students a number of friends who respect and admire him and his ability.



# ROBERT WATKINS KING

X Φ, Σ Y, "13"

Emmett, Tenn.

## PHILANTHROPIC

Winner Freshman Declaimers' Medal, 1914-'15; Marshal Finals, 1914-'15; Freshman Scholarship, 1914-'15; Student Council, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1915-'16; Final Junior Orator, 1915-'16; Historian Sophomore Class; Magazine Staff, 1916-'17; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1916-'17; Kaleidoscope Staff, 1916-'17-'18; Bus. Mgr. Magazine, 1917-'18; Member Board of Governors, German Club, 1917-'18; Comity Club, 1916-'17-'18; German Club, 1916-'17-'18; Sergeant Co. "B", 1917-'18; Pres. Student Council (2nd term), 1917-'18.

## "SKIN'EM"

When this child of the mountains came to our midst, some years ago, many thought him improperly named,—hence some despicable "Soph" dubbed him "Skinnum", thinking thus to destroy all claims which he might make to regal powers. But from the beginning he has demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that he is surely a prince, yea, even a King. Nor has he himself made any endeavor to display his own strength unless in battle array against "King Cole", having made many expeditions of many parasangs length up to the banks of the river Roanoke. In his "uxorine" travels we learn too of remarkable success, Cupid having allied himself to his side.

But frankly speaking, "Skinnum" is really a prince whose ability as a leader has been tested in many instances and found not wanting. Long ago we learned that he was a literary man and secured invaluable aid when he was induced to become a member of the Kaleidoscope staff. Then, when the Magazine needed one to guide it safely over a rocky financial course, Skinnum became the pilot. Later the Biology department felt the need of an able assistant and again King answered the call. More than once his deep voice has sounded forth from the speakers' platform at public celebrations. Many other things might be written, but you should believe without a further enumeration of them that, though he wears the chevrons of a sergeant, he's entitled by virtue of name and accomplishments to those of a King.



BERNARD ASHBY McILHANY

Θ X, Σ Y, H-S

Bluefield, W. Va.

UNION

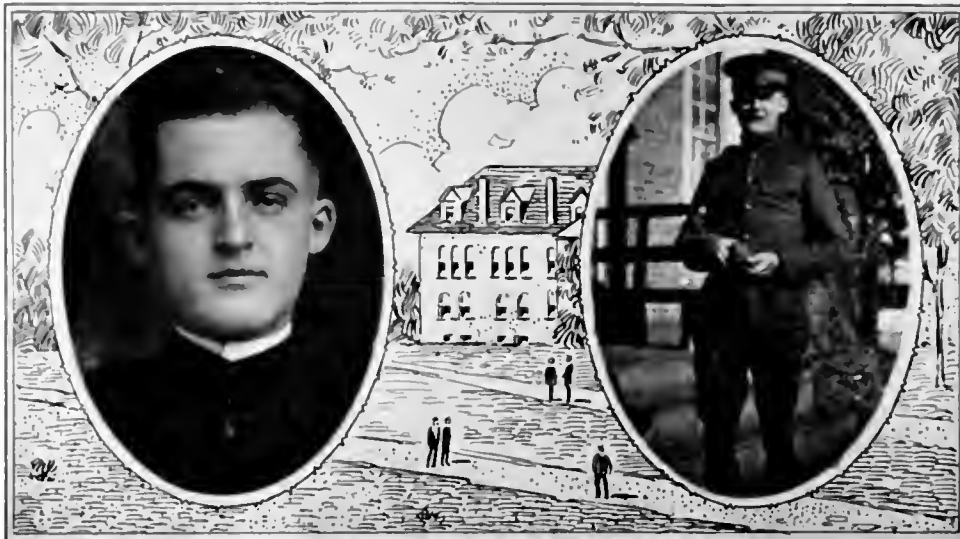
Substitute Varsity Football Team, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Varsity Basketball Team, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Manager Varsity Basketball Team, 1916-'17-'18; Winner Tucker Reading Prize, 1915-'16-'17; Final Junior Orator, 1915-'16; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1916-'17; Vice-Pres. Class (2nd term), 1916-'17; Business Manager Kaleidoscope, 1916-'17; Winner S. P. Lee Scholarship, 1915-'16; Winner Junior Scholarship, 1916-'17; Winner Percy-Echols Scholarship, 1916-'17; Junior Debaters' Medal, 1916-'17; Editor-in-Chief Kaleidoscope, 1917-'18; Quartermaster Sergeant, 1917-'18; Big "4"; Final Senior Orator, 1917-'18.

#### "MAC"

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and still others have greatness thrust upon them." "Mac" was born red-headed. When his fellow students saw with what dispatch and promptness he met every arising occasion, they gave him some office in everything which engaged their activity.

As Business Manager of the 1917 annual his success was phenomenal. Then his masterful leadership and unceasing vigilance as Editor-in-Chief in a time of uncertainty and dissatisfaction is responsible for any merits which this edition possesses.

Besides being not only a participant, but a leader, in every literary and religious field of student endeavor, he is known in all the State basketball centers as the impenetrable stationary guard of the H-S team. If it's the burden of the war which has seemed to hang so heavy upon his shoulders during the year just past, then we give him as our big bit to help in the battle for right. If not this, it must be a brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked somebody back in the Bluefield hills that troubles his heart. If so, we wish him luck, but "Lett-ye" scribe be mindful, for it's no clerk's place to trifle with such an athlete. He has won the confidence of the faculty and the admiration of us all. His considerate manner and sympathetic interest in your affairs has gained him a number of real friends here. Truly he will uphold the ancient traditions of Hampden-Sidney, nay, he will even establish new ones.



EDWARD FELGNER NEAL  
 K. S. S. Y., "Δ", "Φ", "7½", "Σ", "13"  
 Richmond, Va.  
 PHILANTHROPIC

Capt. Co. "B", 1916-'17; Commandant, 1917-'18; Member Tennis Club; President Tennis Club, 1915-'16; Member Comity Club, 1914-'15-'16-'17-'18; Member German Club, 1914-'15-'16-'17-'18; Vice-Pres. German Club, 1916-'17; Pres. German Club, 1917-'18; Leader German Club, 1916-'17-'18; Gym. Team, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Class Basketball Team, 1916-'17; Magazine Staff, 1917-'18; Pres. Athletic Assn. (1st term), 1917-'18; Vice-Pres. Class (2nd term), 1917-'18; Cheer Leader, 1917-'18; Student Council, 1917-'18; Member "Owls".

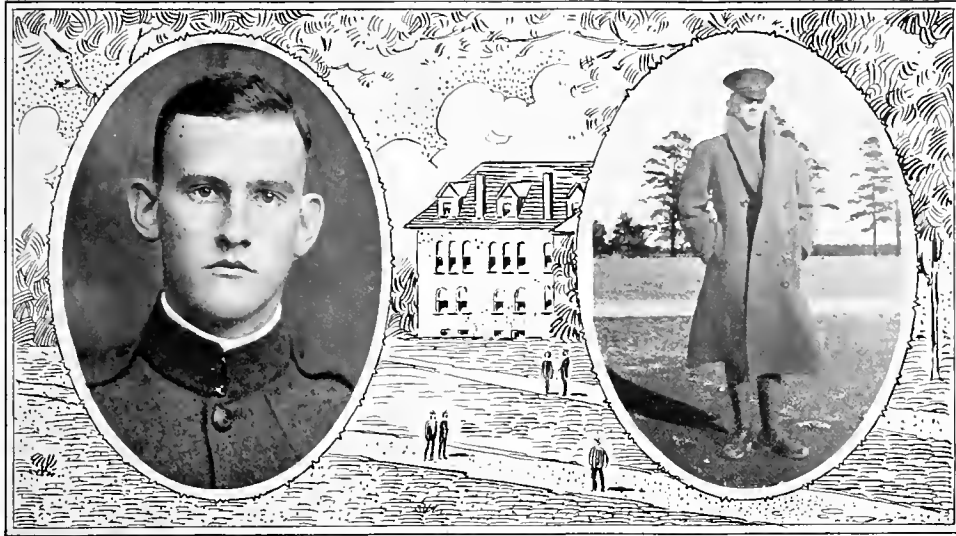
#### "FELGNER"

Neal came to us from V. M. I. early in the spring of '15 and as a proof of his determination and ability we have only to cite to the fact that he has altogether made up the half-year which he was behind because of his late arrival and now stands well up in his class. But his training at V. M. I. has served him in good stead, for, when we decided to adopt military training last spring, he was elected Captain of Co. "B", and later his company won the competitive drill. So well did he serve that this session he was given the rank of Major and placed in charge of the Military Department.

He is well liked by all his fellow students and is a genuine good college man. He is always neat and attractive in appearance and is a splendid dancer. He was president of the Athletic Association for the first term of this year. He is a good tennis player, but in the athletic department he shines best in the Mexican line. His favorite pastime is making nights sleepless with his mandolin—an instrument in the use of which he is an expert.

But there is one feature that we have neglected to mention in giving his peculiarities and accomplishments and that is his skill as a comedian and entertainer. He seems to have special talent along these lines. So much is this so that he is a source of constant wonder to us all.





FREDERICK CLEMENT OWEN

K Σ, "Δ", "Φ", H-S

Denniston, Va.

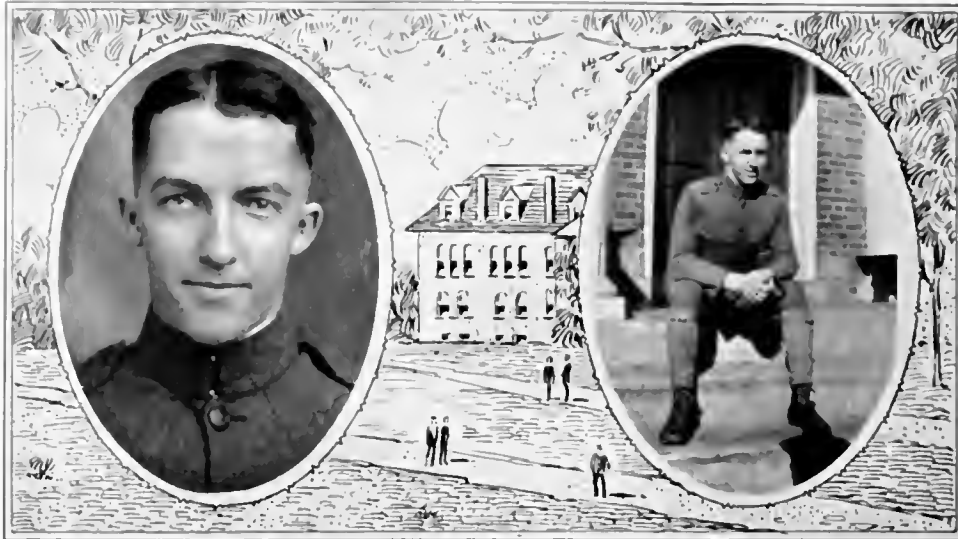
Member German and Comity Clubs, 1914-'15-'16-'17-'18; Mgr. German Club, 1915-'16-'17-'18; Board of Governors, German Club, 1916-'17-'18; Sec.-Treas. Class (2nd term), 1916-'17; Final Junior Orator (elect), 1916-'17; Sophomore Debaters' Medal, 1915-'16; Junior Essayists' Medal, 1916-'17; Intermediate Senior Orator, 1917-'18; Pres. Class (1st term), 1917-'18; Asst. Mgr. Baseball, 1916-'17; Mgr. Baseball, 1917-'18; Class Basketball Team, 1916-'17-'18; Tennis Club; "Owls"; Corporal Co. "B"; President Athletic Assn. (2nd term); Class Valedictorian.

#### "MITCH"

"Mitch" is a rare combination of abilities and has a very unique personality which has made him popular among his fellow-students. His mind runs not in frivolous veins, but he sees the serious side of life and can converse intelligently as well as philosophically on all subjects, especially in regard to love and war.

His honors attest his worth to the student-body. Whenever financial or other projects were started, "Mitch" was the one to handle the money. His many schemes of getting money, saving money, and spending money are original and valuable. We predict for him a most successful business career.

Sleeping is his favorite occupation and he is a close adherent to the old saying,—"It is nice to get up in the morning, but it is nicer to lie in bed." He may be found every evening at 5 o'clock in his bed "catching a little nap", as he calls it. However much he likes sleep, he is never behind in his work and is a fellow that can be depended on to do what he says he will do at the appointed time. He is captain of the good ship "Amor" which sails the sea of matrimony, having for its headquarters Boones' Island. Though small, it is blessed with a treasure that is dear to the heart of this old sea captain. May the gentle zephyrs ever be faithful and may he obtain this treasure of infinite value! By his graduation we lose from our ranks a good orator, a good manager, a good fellow and a sincere friend.



CHARLES HOPKINS ROLSTON

"MQKA," H-S

Mt. Clinton, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

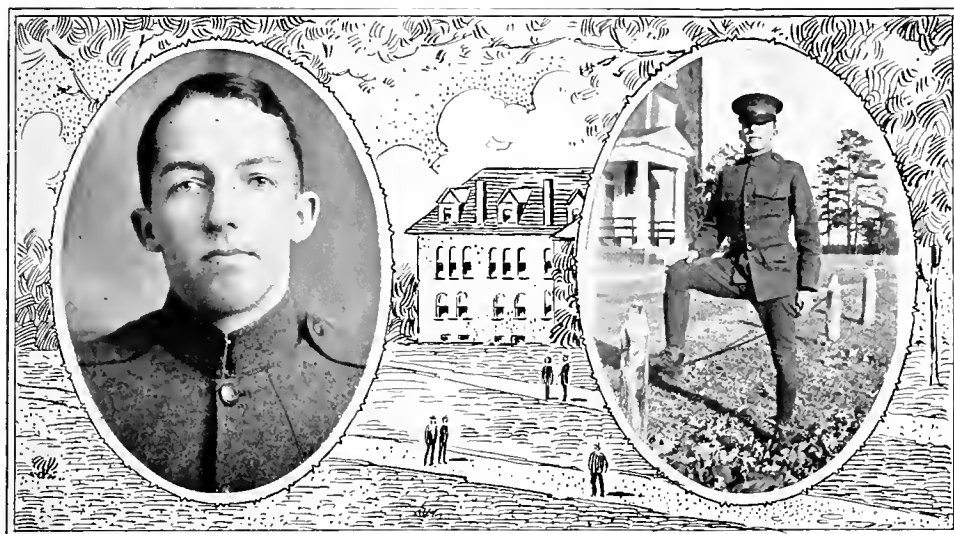
Member Gymnasium Team, 1916-'17; Varsity Football Team, 1917-'18; Bear Cat Baseball Team; Scrub Football Team, 1916-'17; Freshman Football Team, 1915-'16; Intermediate Marshal, 1915-'16; Final Marshal, 1915-'16; Corporal Co. "B".

#### "TWIN"

We always thought Harrisonburg and the vicinity was a manufacturing center for girls. Now we know it to be the place where "twins" grow. Charles is a farmer and it is hard to tell whether he loves farming or Math. III. best, but according to reports he's a shark in both. Obstacles to him do not exist, but merely are things to be overcome by persistence and pluck. Charles has a head on his shoulders and thinks that it wasn't made simply for an ornament. This is evidenced by the fact that he has won his degree in three years of hard work.

"Twin" was first attracted to the gridiron sport by substituting for the other one when he had a hard day's work on the morrow. However he soon learned to love the game for its own sake and made his presence known on the team and as a result now wears the coveted "H-S".

Charles has but one weak point to his credit,—he has never been known to speak to a girl, but a little bird whispers that, with his brother, he goes to see sisters and they exchange the ladies in question at their own good pleasure. He is a sincere, manly and earnest young fellow and we wish for him the same measure of success in the future that has attended his efforts in the past.



# HENRY FORRER ROLSTON

"MQKA," H-S

Mt. Clinton, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Bear Cat Baseball Team; Scrub Football Team, 1915-'16-'17; Varsity Football Team, 1917-'18; Baseball Squad, 1915-'16-'17; Intermediate Marshal, 1915-'16; Final Marshal, 1915-'16.

## "TWIN"

Here they are; you're forced to use the plural, because there are two of them. It is usual for twins to resemble each other, but when those who have been with them for four long years take one for the other, then you may know that they really resemble each other. In fact they sometimes get confused themselves,—Charles once asked for the potatoes and Henry calmly helped himself and put the dish down. This one might be Charles though it is meant for Henry.

Henry, too, hails from Mt. Clinton and attracted little attention except for his likeness to his twin brother. However he came with business intentions as the faculty soon found out. He took twenty hours in his freshman year, which is remarkable, for the faculty seldom allows it, but he made them. Quiet and unassuming in his ways, he is a good student, a true friend, a loyal and loving companion, and, though small in stature, he is a good athlete and is never so happy as when smashing into a big tackle on the football field. He wears the "H-S" and a gold football as evidence of his grit and fighting spirit. Though not one who has much leisure time, he is never too busy to lend a friendly hand, nor to show his sharking ability in a game of "500". He is a rare good fellow, a congenial friend and a source of pride to his many friends. We are indeed proud to add him to the list of our illustrious alumni.



MARVIN NEFF SUTER

"MQKA," H-S

Mt. Clinton, Va.

UNION

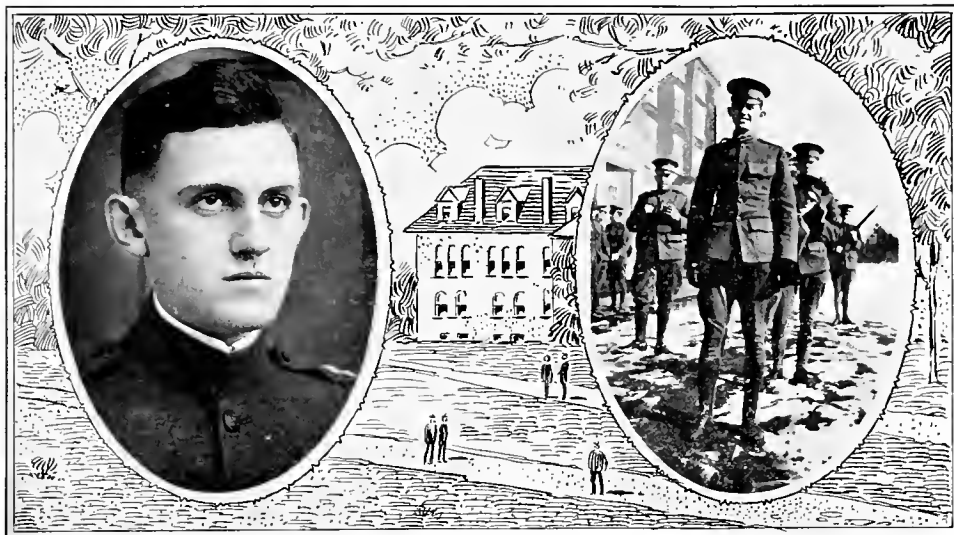
Intermediate Marshal, 1914-'15; Final Marshal, 1914-'15; Member Mission Study Committee, 1915-'16; Sec.-Treas. Class (2nd term), 1915-'16; Member Debate Council, 1916-'17; Scrub Baseball Team, 1914-'15; Varsity Baseball Team, 1915-'16-'17; Member Tennis Club; Sec. Shenandoah Valley Club, 1916-'17.

#### "SUT"

As we approach the end of the college year it is not without regret. It is because the end of each takes from our midst some whom we have come to love. Among those is Suter. He came in '14 and soon established himself in our affections.

There is something about his personality which encourages friendship. Perhaps it's that characteristic free-heartedness, or it may be another of those sterling qualities which he possesses. His quiet, gentlemanly manner is always attractive and we count him among our real friends. "Sute" is not only a student;—other things receive their share of his interest. He plays baseball in the same quiet, thorough manner in which he does everything else. Familiar with every feature of the game he inspires a feeling of confidence in one as to his ability. On rare occasions one might believe that Suter belongs to the "Cross Country Club" (with headquarters at Worsham), but not often does he allow himself to wander. We don't know why, but he seems to prefer the Valley and many days he spends there.

He has been with us for four years, and as we look back we find his record clean and we proudly say, "Here is another true son of 'Ham'-Sid". He has the strength of character, the ability and the training which will assure him success in the years to come. And it only remains to be said that he carries with him our best wishes for all good things that the future can bring.



CHARLES SACKETT SYDNOR

K Σ, Σ Y, "Σ"

Rome, Georgia

UNION

Student Council, 1916-'17-'18; Intermediate Decoration Committee, 1916-'17; Historian Class, 1916-'17; Mgr. Y. M. C. A. Reading Room, 1917-'18; Vice-Pres. Student Council, 1917-'18; Sec. Debate Council, 1917-'18; Sec.-Treas. Athletic Assn. (1st term), 1917-'18; Junior Representative (elect) Final Senior Banquet, 1916-'17; Inter-society Debater, 1917-'18; Asst. Cheer Leader, 1917-'18; Historian Class, 1917-'18; Pres. Y. M. C. A. (2nd term), 1917-'18; 1st Lieut. Co. "A", 1917-'18; Editor-in-Chief Magazine, 1917-'18; Vice-Pres. Athletic Assn. (2nd term), 1917-'18.

"Sid"

"Charles Sackett Sydnor, Rome, Ga., '17" was the laconic reply which he made to an inquisitive Sophomore when the latter sought to find the newcomer's name. That incident happened only three years ago. The hard work of a fertile brain has enabled him to accomplish in this time what it takes most of four years to do. He possesses the qualities of stability and determination which always assure success. This stern determinate gentleman complies to the well-known and oft-quoted maxim: "If pleasure interferes with business, let pleasure go."

No man in college possesses more of that indomitable spirit that cheers to victory the wearers of the Garnet and Gray. Although direct participation in athletics is entirely out of his line, he has done much to enable his Alma Mater to win more than one game, as assistant cheer-leader by keeping the Hampden-Sidney spirit boiling high.

"Sid" is preeminently a literary man. This fact has been well demonstrated to the readers of the Magazine. He is also quite prominent in the realm of music. We find him in his leisure hours playing on his mandolin some soft and tender melody of love or lending his mellow voice to the accompaniment of his guitar.

Every resident of the "Hill" will miss the humorous countenance of the tall Roman and when he has gone old Hampden-Sidney will say, "I have lost one of my jewels, but I have given to the world a man."

## History of the Senior Class

HERE come to all times in our existence which are burdened with more significance than the mere passing of another milestone. Events occasionally occur which are of such momentous importance that they compel us to pause and seek our bearings. In the hurried rush of life we are usually content to live in the present without much thought of the past or concern for the future. It is well, however, to pause and reflect. If we fail to do this, we are apt to forget the true ideals of life and become so engrossed in the things that count for little that, when we do awake to a knowledge of the real, it will be too late to avert the loss of much time and the dissipation of our energies in useless channels.

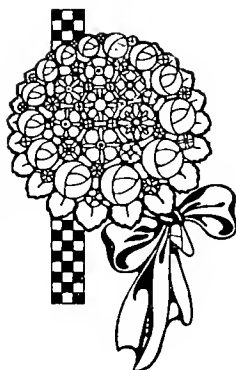
One of these events which causes us to pause and consider is our graduation from college. On that day when we receive the degree for which we have labored most of us leave behind the interval of time usually thought of as the educational period of a man's life and are at the threshold of whatever is to be our life's work. We feel somewhat as the Roman youth must have felt when he laid aside forever his childish garments and donned the robes of manhood.

This is indeed a place where we do well to hesitate and cast a backward glance over the last few years, and then to summon our energies and collect our resources for whatever the future may hold. Swift has been the passage of time since we first began to call Hampden-Sidney our Alma Mater and many have been the metamorphisms that have taken place. We came, merely a bunch of Freshmen, some self-important, some nervous, and all strangers to each other. But with the rapid transit of the years, there has been a steady evolution; no longer are we strangers, but we are a class and the closest of friendship exists between us.

We have not only undergone changes, but we have witnessed several radical extirpations and innovations in the college itself. Never again shall a Hampden-Sidney class be able to boast that it has been hazed, for the present Senior class was the last to enjoy this privilege (?). But besides seeing the exit of this time-honored custom, we have participated in the entrance of Military training into the curriculum and the last year of our sojourn on the "Hill" is the first time in many years that this course has been compulsory. And what other class in recent years can boast that two football championships have been won in their history. These and many other things which have happened will make the time that the class of '18 spent at Hampden-Sidney a period not to be forgotten for many a day. We may, and probably will be, separated by many miles of land and water, but the memories of the good times we have had will always be fresh in our minds. The pleasant companionship we have enjoyed will be something to look back on and dream about in the days to come and Hampden-Sidney will ever be the center of the happy thoughts which cluster about our college days.

This outstanding event in our existence happens to occur during one of the greatest upheavals that has occurred in the whole history of man. We are living at a period when to live is not only a privilege, fraught with many opportunities, but a stern duty and responsibility. And, as we pause, not only do we meditate about the things that are past, but we think of the future and wonder what lies hidden in the book of the Fates. No matter how settled conditions may be, the thought of leaving behind our boyhood days causes us to square our shoulders and think more seriously of life. But with the present state of affairs we cannot refrain from thinking of our location a year hence. Will we be in France, or will peace have been declared? Time only can answer these and similar questions, but, wherever we are, we can never forget our Hampden-Sidney days. We will always cherish the memory of our comradeship with each other, the privilege of having been subordinate to the men who compose the faculty and the pleasure of knowing and associating with the residents of the "Hill". May the influence of the last four years never grow dim but stay with us through our lives and make us better men for having been students at Hampden-Sidney.

THE HISTORIAN.



### To a Violet

Oh! tiny floweret hidden i' the dell,  
Blooming alane in ourie modesty,  
Yon tiny teardrop shining in your 'ee  
Of grief must tell.

Wee fairy bloom sae freshly sweet and fine,  
Why dost thou hang thy head sae shy and low?  
Hast thou in thy life had thy meed of woe  
As I in mine?



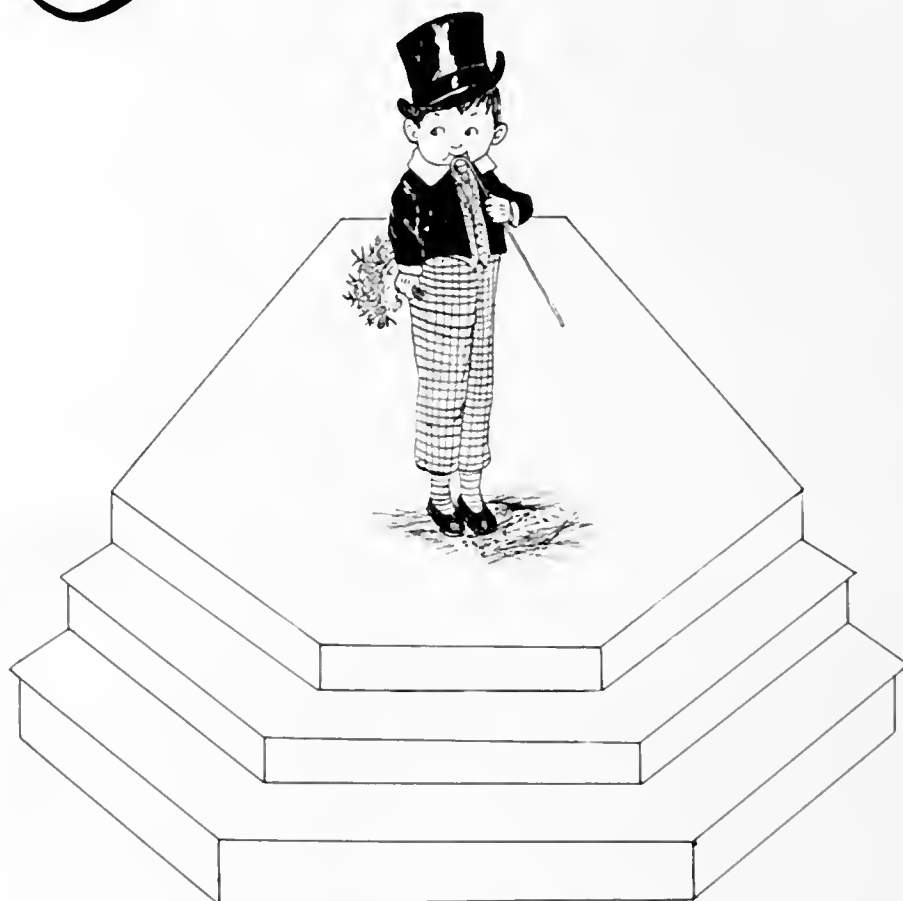
SOME GRIDIRON SCENES.





MISS MARY FERGUSON  
Sponsor of the Junior Class

# JUNIOR



## Junior Class Officers

First Term.

W. E. Aylor	President	E. D. Wilson
M. S. Scott	Vice-President	J. B. Wall
L. W. Morton	Secretary-Treasurer	W. B. Gold
W. B. Gold	Historian	W. B. Gold

Second Term.

LEWIS WINSTON ANGLE

Θ X, "Δ"

Rocky Mount, Va.

UNION

Winner Freshman Declaimers' Medal; Member German Club, 1916-'17-'18; Member Comity Club; Intermediate Marshal; Vice-President Class (2nd term), 1916-'17; Inter-society Debater (elect), 1917-'18; Company "A".

WALTER ELLIS AYLOR

Π K A, "Φ", H-S

Culpeper, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Pres. Class (1st term), 1917-'18; Varsity Football Team, 1915-'16, '17-'18; Varsity Baseball Team, 1916-'17; Capt. Varsity Baseball Team, 1917-'18; Class Basketball Team, 1916-'17; Captain Co. "A", 1917-'18; Star Musician, 1915-'16; Gym. Annex Quartette, 1917-'18; Comity Club; German Club.

JAMES C. CLARKE

"ΜΩΚΑ"

Banner Elk, North Carolina

PHILANTHROPIC

Auditor Students' Club, 1916-'17; Steward Students' Club, 1917-'18; Sec.-Treas. Student Council, 1917-'18; Winner Freshman Declaimers' Medal, 1915-'16; Inter-society Debater, 1916-'17; Freshman Reading Representative, 1915-'16-'17; President Class (2nd term), 1916-'17.

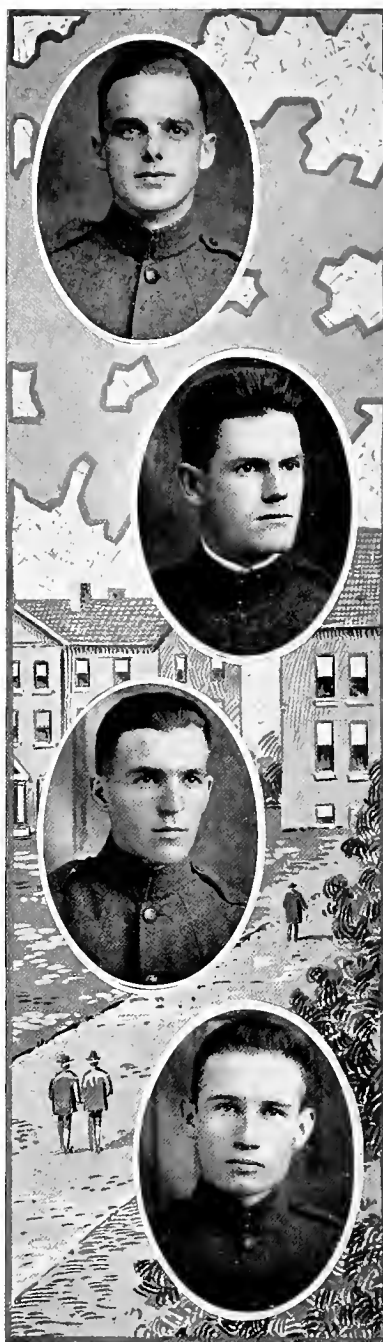
WILLIAM BELL GOLD

"ΜΩΚΑ"

Roanoke, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Student Council, 1916-'17-'18; Magazine Staff, 1917-'18; Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1917-'18; Debate Council, 1916-'17-'18; Emory & Henry Debater, 1916-'17; Inter-society Debater, 1917-'18; Historian Class, 1917-'18; Class Basketball Team, 1916-'17; Class Representative, Field Day, 1915-'16; Varsity Track Team, 1915-'16-'17; Mgr. Track Team, 1916-'17; Co. "B"; Sec.-Treas. Student Council, 1917-'18; "N. O. T."





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGGS

"MΩKA"

Charles Town, W. Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

West Virginia Club; Tennis Club; Co. "A".

LEE WHITTLE MORTON

O X

Keysville, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Student Council, 1916-'17-'18; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Final Marshal, 1915-'16; Sec. Treas. Class (1st term), 1917-'18; Delegate to Students' Conference, Blue Ridge, N. C., 1916-'17; Treas. Students' Friendship War Fund; Baseball Squad, 1915-'16-'17; Corporal Co. "A".

THOMAS KIRKPATRICK PARRISH, JR.

H K A, "Δ", "712", "Φ", H-S

Richmond, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Varsity Football Team, 1915-'16, '17-'18; Denny Track Trophy, 1915-'16; Substitute Varsity Football Team, 1916-'17; Capt. Track Team, 1916-'17; Capt. Class Basketball Team, 1916-'17; Vice-Pres. Athletic Assn. (1st term), 1917-'18; Vice-Pres. German Club, 1917-'18; German Club; Comity Club; Sergeant Co. "A", 1917-'18.

FRANK ROLSTON

"MΩKA"

Mount Clinton, Va.

PHILANTHROPIC

Treasurer Shenandoah Valley Club, 1916-'17; Vice-President Shenandoah Valley Club, 1917-'18.

MARION SPADY SCOTT  
K A, "Δ", "Φ", "7½", "Σ", H-S  
Cape Charles, Va.

UNION

Varsity Football Team, 1916-'17; Bear Cat Baseball Team, 1916-'17; Vice-Pres. Class (1st term), 1917-'18; Varsity Football Team, 1917-'18; Comity Club, 1916-'17-'18; German Club, 1916-'17-'18; Sergeant Co. "A", 1917-'18.

JOSEPH BARRYE WALL  
K Σ, "Δ", "7½", "Φ"  
Farmville, Va.  
PHILANTHROPIC

Sec.-Treas. Class, 1916-'17; Member Gymnasium Team, 1916-'17; Comity Club, 1916-'17; German Club, 1916-'17; Kaleidoscope Staff, 1917-'18; Debate Council, 1917-'18; Scrub Football Team, 1917-'18; Manager-elect Varsity Football Team, 1918; Sergeant Co. "B", 1917-'18.

JAMES WILSON WARREN  
X Φ, H-S  
Nashville, Tenn.

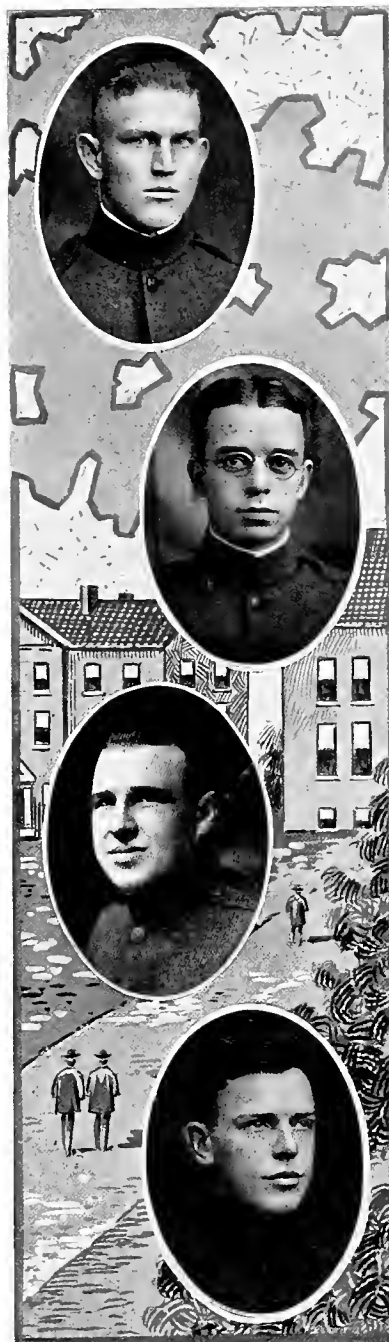
PHILANTHROPIC

Varsity Football Team, 1915-'16-'17-'18; President Freshman Class (2nd term), 1915-'16; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1916-'17-'18; Captain Varsity Football Team, 1917-'18.

FRANK DOUGLAS WILSON  
K Σ, "Δ", "N. O. T.", "Φ"  
Richmond, Va.

UNION

Intermediate Marshal, 1915-'16; Sec.-Treas. Class (2nd term), 1915-'16; Asst. Bus. Mgr. Magazine, 1917-'18; Debate Council 1917-'18; Football Squad, 1917-'18; Baseball Squad, 1916-'17; Basketball Squad, 1917-'18; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1917-'18; Sophomore Basketball Team; 1st Sergeant Co. "B".



## History of the Junior Class

THE opening of the session found our class greatly diminished in size since first we entered Hampden-Sidney in the fall of '15. Our regret over the loss of these classmates is decreased very much by our knowledge of the fact that many of them have felt the call of patriotism and have responded to this call by enlisting in some branch of the service. We are represented in the artillery, the infantry, the navy, and the aviation corps. When, in the spring of '19, the names of the graduates are called it is safe to predict that even a smaller number than are here this year will respond and that the original class of '19 will be scattered over the entire world.

But let us look and see how we, the remnant of the former group, are holding fast to its wonderful reputation attained during the first two years. After numerous expressions of renewed energy, punctuated with hearty handshakes and welcoming shouts, we settled down to serious and earnest study in an effort to uphold the standards of old H-S on the athletic field as well as in the classroom.—It might not be amiss here to express our appreciation to the Sophomores who so kindly attempted to entertain our lowest classmates by encouraging them to exercise their musical ability. We enjoyed it and have often wondered why they ceased so abruptly. Was it because we showed such an unappreciative spirit or because the Freshies seemed to resent the well-intended efforts of their would-be benefactors?

We can very justly be proud of the championship football team this year, for the honour and glory of the Junior class was upheld there by Scott, Aylor and Parrish. Aylor was elected captain of the 1919 team.

The basketball quint is strong—(even though no Juniors are on it!)—(Remarkable)—editor's insert. The scrubs, however, push the Varsity men for their places and among them we find our three athletes who represented us on the grid-iron.

Baseball prospects, while not exceedingly bright, are good and it is reasonable to say that Hampden-Sidney will be upheld on the diamond as it has been upheld in the other two branches of athletics. Aylor is captain of the Varsity.

Leaving athletics, let us see exactly where we are and let us consider for a few moments the path over which we have come. It is hard to realize that the third lap of our journey is well-nigh over, and that the goal is in sight. Next year, if we successfully complete our courses, we will leave behind old Hampden-Sidney, never to return as students, and, as hard and tedious as our paths have been, we will look back on these days of happiness, when the cares and perplexities of the world were few, and the opportunities many.

To the Seniors we bid farewell. May the plans that they have made be carried out, and may all of their undertakings be wrapped in success. We will miss them, but the world is calling for them in her days of need. In later years we will be proud to refer to anyone of their accomplishments in the world as the work of Hampden-Sidney men.

THE HISTORIAN.

# The Bells

*(With an Apology to Poe)*

## I

Hear the early morning bells—  
Rising bells!  
What a storm of indignation their unearthly call compels!  
How they plunder, plunder, plunder  
Our delightful drowse of dawn!  
While we give the bellman thunder,  
As we wonder, wonder, wonder  
How the nightly hours have gone,  
Lying, yet, yet, yet,  
In a fit of vain regret  
At the sinful aggravation that so mercilessly wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the madness and the sadness of the bells.

## II

Hear the welcome dinner bells,  
Chub bells!  
What a world of satisfaction now their harmony foretells!  
At the empty hour of two  
Heaven knows how much they do  
To remove the fearful weights  
Of the morning's mental strain!  
What a tale their tone relates  
To the hungry man that listens, as he waits  
For "the train!"  
Oh, from out the kitchen cells  
What a gush of luxury voluminously wells!  
How it smells!  
How it dwells  
On the palate—how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the loosing and the stretching  
Of the belts, belts, belts—  
Of the belts, belts, belts, belts,  
Belts, belts, belts—  
To the loosing and the stretching of the belts.

III

Hear the recitation bells,  
 Fatal bells!  
 What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!  
 How we hurry, hurry, hurry  
 On, to Bumpy, Bags, or Curry!  
 Too much unprepared to speak,  
 We can only shriek, shriek,  
 "Take permitted, please,"  
 In a perilous approaching to the limit of our cuts,  
 In a risky dissipation in the number of our cuts,  
 Leaping higher, higher, higher:  
 Yet we earnestly desire,  
 With a resolute endeavor  
 Now to take them—now or never—  
 For the sake of our pale-faced C's,  
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
 What a tale their terror tells  
 Of the truth!  
 How the mother's face grows worn and pale,  
 As, from month to month, she reads the tale  
 Of her boy, the wayward college youth!  
 Yet the freshman fully knows  
 By the twanging and the clanging  
 How the college schedule goes,  
 And his conscience clearly tells,  
 By the lashing and the gashing,  
 How his future sinks and swells  
 By the sinking or the swelling in his heeding of the bells—  
 Of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 In his heeding of the meaning of the bells.

—J. B. Cunningham.







MISS NORA EDMUNDS  
Sponsor of the Sophomore Class

# SOPHOMORE

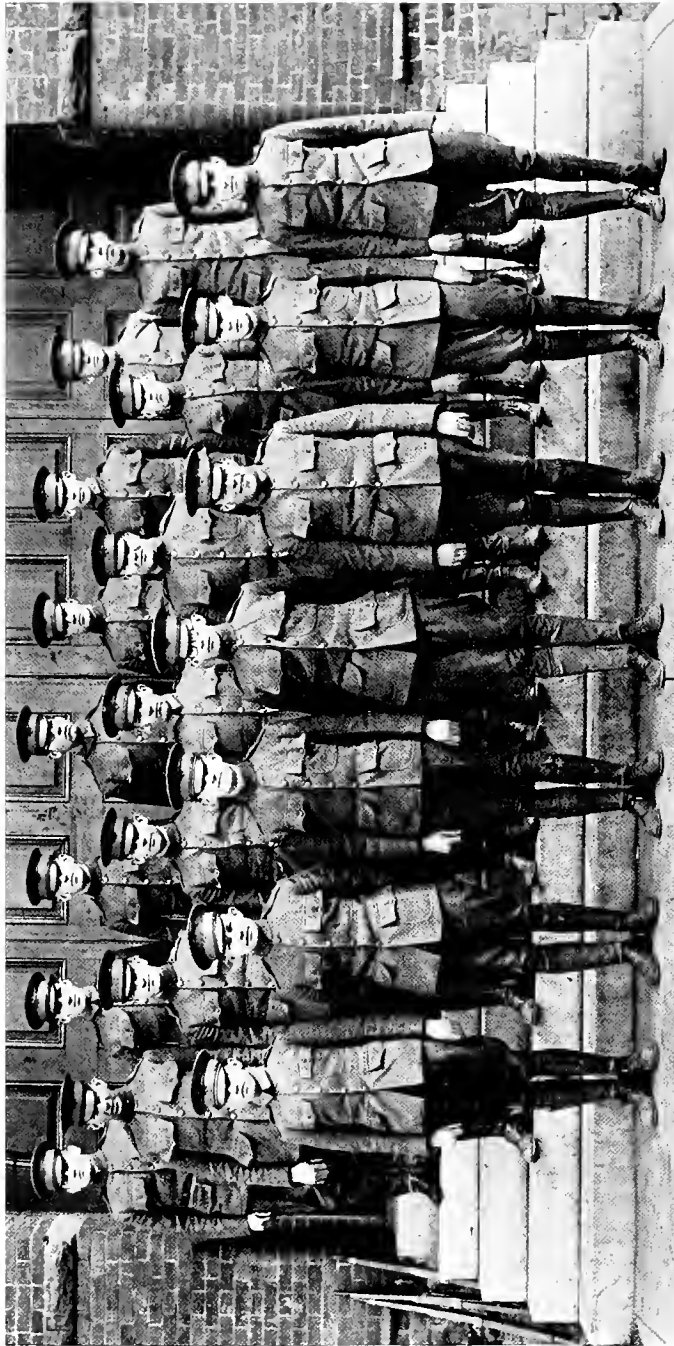


## Sophomore Class Officers

### First Term.

R. G. Fergusson	President	G. R. Turner
G. S. Crosby	Vice-President	C. A. Stevens
R. W. Bugg	Sec.-Treasurer	W. A. P. Copenhaver
J. B. Cunningham	Historian	J. B. Cunningham

### Second Term.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

## Sophomore Class Roll

Allen, F. A. ....	Prospect, Va.
Atkinson, J. P. ....	Champe, Va.
Buck, H. R. ....	Port Deposit, Md.
Bugg, R. W. ....	Farmville, Va.
Copenhaver, W. A. P. ....	Tazewell, Va.
Crosby, G. S. ....	Hampton, Va.
Cunningham, J. B. ....	Pamplin, Va.
Duckwall, J. M. ....	Berkley Springs, W. Va.
Duckwall, J. S. ....	Berkley Springs, W. Va.
Fergusson, R. G. ....	Richmond, Va.
Glaze, G. V. ....	Prospect, Va.
Hager, E. F. ....	Max Meadows, Va.
Henneman, J. B. ....	Dillwyn, Va.
Hogshhead, J. W. ....	Staunton, Va.
Leps, J. M. ....	Appomattox, Va.
Old, Wm. ....	Clayville, Va.
Ropp, G. W. ....	Hedgesville, W. Va.
Saunders, W. A. ....	Saulda, Va.
Scott, J. B. ....	Fredericksburg, Va.
Smith, W. R. ....	Farmville, Va.
Sprinkle, W. M. ....	Marion, Va.
Stevens, C. A. ....	Richmond, Va.
Street, W. H. ....	Toughkenamon, Pa.
Turner, G. R. ....	Campbellville, Ky.
Venable, R. M. ....	Charleston, W. Va.
Warren, R. D. ....	Nashville, Tenn.
Wimbish, E. B. ....	Scottsburg, Va.

## History of the Sophomore Class

(Reminiscences by Stokes Brown, June, 1940.)

**S**TOKES, being summoned to appear before the College President, presents himself, and is addressed as follows:

"Stokes, the Inter-Collegiate Bulletin has requested me to send them a write-up on the most remarkable class in our college history. I have searched all of the old annuals, and find to my chagrin that every class historian has magnified the personnel of his own class to such an extent that I should marvel that the national Congress and Cabinet is not made up solely of Hampden-Sidney men. So I have called you to appeal to your memory of the various classes. No doubt you have found this class of '40 quite as interesting as any. Certainly you can remember it better."

"Naw sah, Boss, '20 is twice as easy to remember as '40!"

"Then tell me what you know about the class of '20."

"Well, dey didn't git no furdur dan dair sophomore year. De German waw come on 'bout dat time, and de class was pretty well bruk up. So I'll jes tell you what dey did in dair sophomore year.

"Fust dey had a little scrape 'bout hazin' de freshmen. Mr. Stevens he was tall enough to be heahed even if he was bent—used to ring de big bell at 'leven o'clock at night, and summons all de freshmen to give a show fer de ole men. Now hazin' had done been bruk up at Ham'-Sidney, and de juniors sed de sophomores didn't have no right to haze de freshmen, seein as how dey demselves didn't have to take no hazin'. So de student council waked up and sed dat de freshman show was liable to bring back hazin', and so de sophomores must avoid all 'pearances of evil and cut it out. Dat made de sophomores mad, and dey sed dey was sure gwine to fix de student council when it come dair turn to 'lect delicates to de council."

"What was this student council, Stokes?" The President interrupts.

"De student council—well, dat was in de days befo' we had so much military here, and everybody had de idea dat students could govern demselves. Of co'se we know better dan dat now sence de German waw come off. But in dem days each one of de upper classes 'lected three men fer de student council. About all dis council did was to ship one student 'bout every seven years so as to git de rest of dem skeered up 'nough to keep dair doors locked when dey played poker.

"Well, as I was goin' on to tell you, de sophomores swore dey's gwine to fix de student council fer stoppin' de freshman show. And dey did fix 'em. Dey 'lected as two of dair delicates to de council Mr. Rusty Smith, and Mr. Dick Venable—Mr. Venable what comed back aftrter de state went dry. And den dey got kinder 'shamed o' what dey'd done, and 'lected Mr. Bob Bug as dair third man.

"But tell me something about the various members of the class. Did they have any big men among them?"

"Aw Yes, Sir! Dey had one man what was so big his name was Hogshead, and dey called him Piggy as being more appropriate when you got to know him better too, 'cause dem Spiders and Yellow-jackets and things was feared to come close to him. —feared he'd tread on some of 'em.

"Den dah was Mr. Don Warren. He was good anywhere you put him, 'ceep when you put him wid de gals, and den he couldn't be good to save yo' life.

Den dah was Mr. Fattie Furgerson, who played Center. He made "All Eastern" too, 'cause lookin' at him made de players on de udder side act foolish. You see, our boys had done got used to him.

And Mr. Mike Crosby, when he got loose on a basketball floor, he could fight like a Tiger, hop like a flea, and kick like a jackass. I seed him get loose in Farnville one night when dey was playin' V. P. L., and you couldn't 'a' stopped him wid a whole carload o' Normal School gals.

"But didn't the class produce anything but athletes?"

"Aw yes, sir! Dah was Mr. John Henneman, who was cap'n of one of de fust companies got up at Ham-Sidney when de German War broke out."

"Were there many good students in the class?"

"Dose dat didn't run about much was good students. Dah was Mr. John Prior Atkinson and Mr. Joe Duckwall, who dedicated and consecrated every minute of dair time to de persecution of dair college duties. And Mr. Hager, though he could laugh monstiously when you got him started, was bright enough to take all de scholarships. Of co'se dah was a few, like Mr. Leps, Mr. Ropp, Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Turner, who was too lazy to run about much or study either."

"So you think that is the most remarkable class in your recollection, do you "

"Yes sah! And say, Boss, if you tell anybody 'bout all dem things, please don't tell 'em I tole you, 'cause some o' dem men might come back from France and ha'nt ole Stokes."

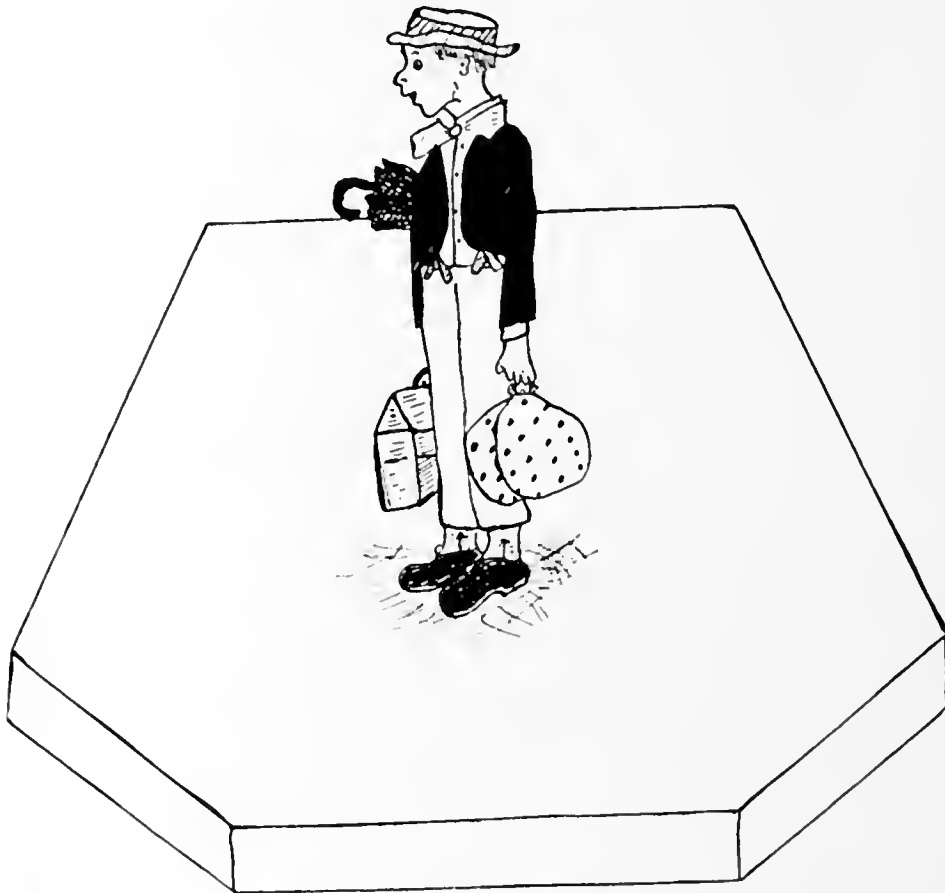
THE HISTORIAN.





MISS HELEN WITHERS  
Sponsor of the Freshman Class

# FRESHMAN



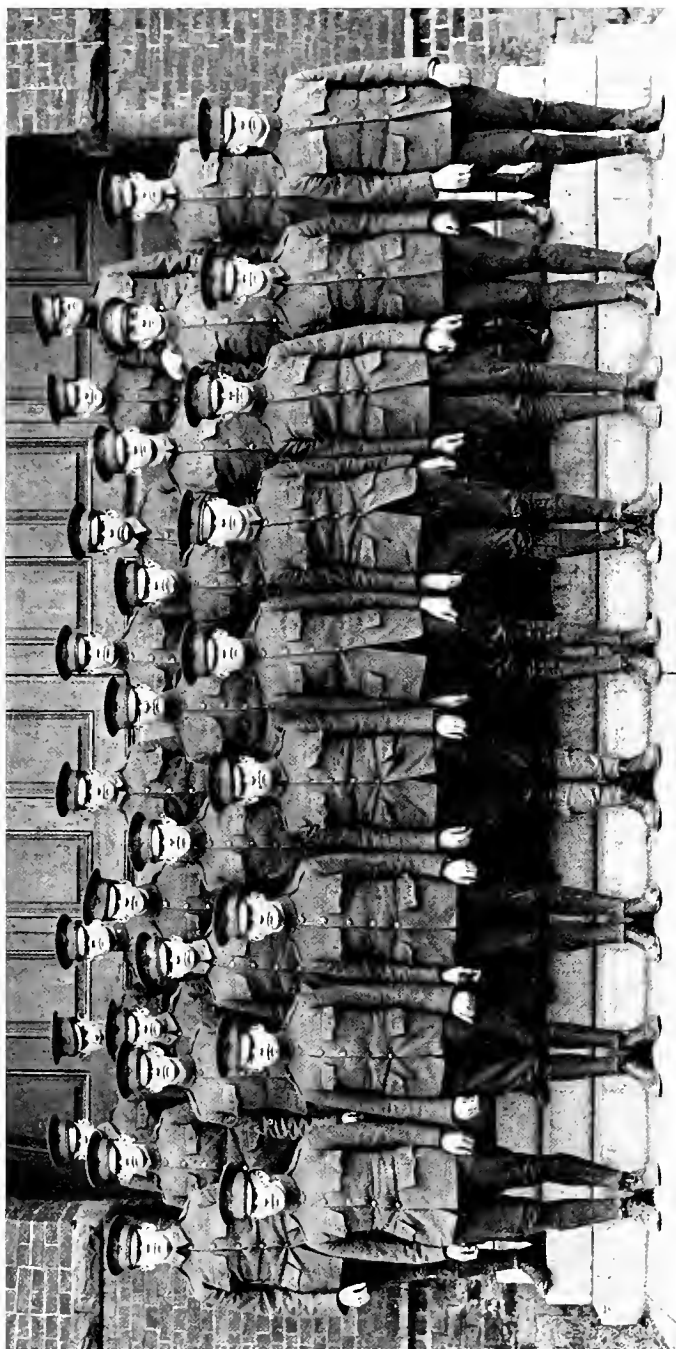
## Freshman Class Officers

### First Term.

W. L. Fleming .....	President .....	R. A. Saunders
R. F. Connally .....	Vice-President .....	R. S. Jones
W. M. Sprinkle .....	Secretary-Treasurer .....	E. F. Thweatt
J. R. Gregg .....	Historian .....	J. R. Gregg

### Second Term.





FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class Roll

Alexander, H. C. ....	Tunstall, Va.
Alexander, R. C. ....	Tunstall, Va.
Atkinson, B. J. ....	Champe, Va.
Brittain, Rufus ....	Tazewell, Va.
Bane, R. A. ....	Bland, Va.
Carson, J. S. G. ....	Monterey, Va.
Custis, W. J. ....	Pocomoke City, Md.
Connally, R. F. ....	Brookneal, Va.
Easley, W. T. ....	Clarksville, Va.
Eastman, T. W. ....	Stormont, Va.
Fleming, W. L. ....	Richmond, Va.
Glenn, H. A. ....	Prospect, Va.
Graham, T. E. ....	Townesville, N. C.
Gregg, J. R. ....	Newport News, Va. (Belfast, Ire.)
Higgs, E. E. ....	Ranson, W. Va.
Hundley, C. ....	Farmville, Va.
Jones, J. A. ....	Farmville, Va.
Jones, R. S. ....	Berryville, Va.
Lacy, J. A. ....	Meadville, Va.
Lacy, J. W. ....	Pocomoke City, Md.
Lyle, G. A. ....	Keysville, Va.
McFaden, F. T., Jr. ....	Richmond, Va.
McGuire, E. H. ....	Yazoo City, Miss.
McGavock, E. S. ....	Max Meadows, Va.
Morris, Conway ....	Darlington Heights, Va.
Perry, W. McD. ....	Charles Town, W. Va.
Robston, J. H. ....	Mt. Clinton, Va.
Saunders, R. A. ....	Wilson, Va.
Stauffer, Edison ....	Wily, Va.
Thweatt, F. F. ....	Petersburg, Va.
Welton, F. B. ....	Moorefield, W. Va.
White, J. C. ....	Chatham, Va.
Wilson, D. A. ....	Champe, Va.
Wright, Mendor ....	Stewartsville, Va.
Wilkinson, E. M. ....	McKenney, Va.

## History of the Freshman Class

IT is remarkable how many seemingly peculiar and strange individuals compose a Freshman class at the beginning of a College year. There may be found among this bashful flock, sturdy bronzed men from the farm, swaggering well groomed fops from the cities, and by way of variety an occasional shrieky voiced book worm from a country high school. These different assortments of manhood, however, with all their diverse bodily dimensions soon blend into one concrete mixture actuated and controlled by the one great live wire of College spirit.

Hampden-Sidney like other colleges had, during the opening month of this, her present session, a collection of specimens such as would have made a collector of freaks green with envy; but slowly as time advanced they became better acquainted with their surroundings and fellow beings. Their forced airs and unnatural manners gradually disappeared with the result that they became less and less novel and peculiar in the eyes of the older men. In other words while living at Hampden-Sidney they had learned to do as the *Tigers* do.

Possibly the first event of importance that took place during the first month of the session was the Y. M. C. A. reception at which ice cream and cake were served much to the delight of those youths who possessed large receptacles beneath their vests. After the Freshmen had been introduced to several of the Campus notabilities, the Old Men concluded the meeting with a few impromptu addresses and numerous lusty yells.

As regards sports the Freshmen had among their number a few worthies who did credit during the football season, and who are at present doing credit during the basketball season, and whom it is hoped will do still greater credit during the baseball season, to their former schools, coaches, and fellow classmates. For the benefit of those persons in the Freshman and Sophomore classes who did not indulge in the salubrious game of football, an inter-class or rather a "windless wonder's" game was arranged and played, the result of the contest being in favor of the Sophomores. The inter-class game of basketball was, after a hard game, again won by the Sophomores.

The next matter demanding my attention is the way in which the Old Men taught the Freshmen their College songs. Several very able choir masters immediately rose to the occasion, who by their zealous wielding of the baton soon firmly instilled all the songs and yells into the *minds* of their pupils. It is almost needless to say that those who either affected apathy or lacked alacrity when they were called upon to comply with the wishes of the Old Men became suddenly so stimulated with College spirit that they appeared to be "pep" fiends.

However it may at last be safely said that practically every Freshman has now found his place and enjoys it. Like a pile of different sized, and varicolored marble chips, which the hand of some skillful artist devises with much labour into a beautiful pattern in mosaic work for the floor of some palace or hotel, so the hand of Fate aided by that of the Sophomore soon made each New Man find his place, with the result that Hampden-Sidney's Freshman Class for this year of 1918, is a pattern of what a Freshman Class should be.

"THE HISTORIAN."

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## "The" Song

H-S we hail you,  
We'll never fail you,  
All shoulders at the wheel,  
Though few our numbers  
Nobody slumbers  
We stand as true as steel.

### Chorus

Fight, boys, the game is yours,  
Death Valley makes the scores,  
No room for slackers,  
No time for blues,  
H-S can never lose.

H-S we trust you,  
No team can thrust you  
Out of the victor's way.  
This be our motto  
Conquer we've got to,  
H-S must win today.



E. F. NEAL, COMMANDANT

## The Staff



J. R. GRAHAM, 1ST. LIEUTENANT  
AND ADJUTANT



B. A. MCILHANY, QUARTER-  
MASTER SERGEANT

C  
O  
M  
P  
A  
N  
Y



“A”

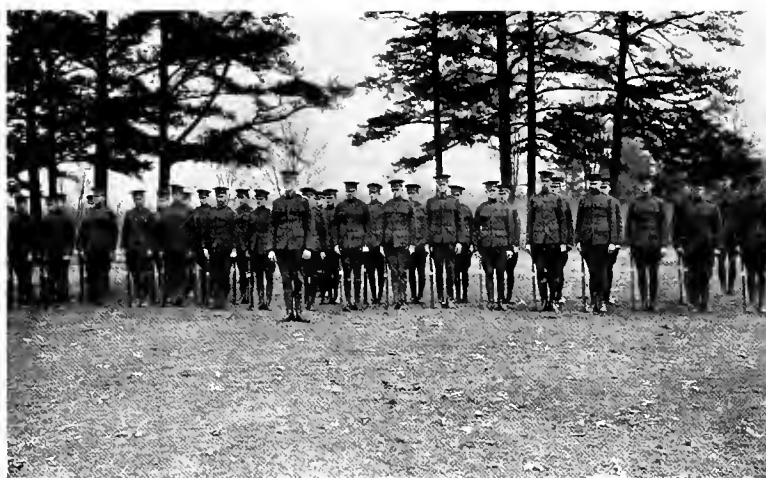
W. E. AYLOR, CAPTAIN



C. S. SYDNOR, 1ST. LIEUTENANT



W. T. BONDURANT, 2ND  
LIEUTENANT



## Company "A"

W. E. Aylor ..... Captain  
 C. S. Sydnor ..... 1st Lieutenant  
 W. T. Bondurant, F. D. Wilson ..... 2nd Lieutenant  
 Parrish, Scott, Hogshead, Allen, H. G. .... Sergeants  
 Turner, Morton, Warren, Clarke ..... Corporals

### PRIVATES

Bondurant, R. W.  
 Denny  
 Elliott  
 Rolston, F.  
 Allen, F. A.  
 Angle  
 Buck  
 Crosby  
 Ropp  
 Saunders, W. A.  
 Stevens

Street  
 Alexander, R. C.  
 Alexander, H. C.  
 Atkinson, B. J.  
 Bane  
 Carson  
 Custis  
 Connally  
 Glenn  
 Gregg  
 Lyle

Wilkinson  
 Wilson, D. A.  
 Welton  
 Rolston, J. H.  
 Perry  
 Morris  
 McGavock  
 McGuire  
 McFaden

C  
O  
M  
P  
A  
N  
Y



“B”

J. B. HENNEMAN, CAPTAIN



R. G. FERGUSSON, 2ND  
LIEUTENANT



F. D. WILSON, 1ST SERGEANT





## Company "B"

J. B. Henneman .....	Captain
J. R. Graham .....	1st Lieutenant
R. G. Fergusson .....	2nd Lieutenant
Venable, King, Wall .....	Sergeants
Smith, Bugg, Owen, Rolston, C. H. ....	Corporals

### PRIVATES

Herzig	Hager	Graham, T. E.
Rolston, H. F.	Leps	Higgs, E. E.
Suter	Old	Jones, J. A.
Gold	Saunders, R. A.	Jones, R. S.
Higgs, B. F.	Scott, J. B.	Lacy, J. A.
Atkinson, J. P.	Sprinkle	Lacy, J. W.
Copenhaver	Brittain	Stauffer
Duckwall, J. M.	Easley	Thweatt
Duckwall, J. S.	Eastman	White
Glaze	Fleming	Wright

# ~~ATHLETICS~~ ATHLETICS





MISS ALINE COLE  
Sponsor of Athletics

# General Athletic Association

## OFFICERS

First Term.		Second Term.
E. F. Neal .....	President .....	F. C. Owen
T. K. Parrish .....	Vice-President .....	C. S. Sydnor
C. S. Sydnor .....	Secretary .....	C. H. Rolston
C. S. Sydnor .....	Treasurer .....	H. F. Rolston

## FOOTBALL.

J. W. Warren, R. D. Warren .....	Captains
W. T. Bondurant .....	Manager
J. B. Wall .....	Assistant Manager
M. C. Bowling .....	Coach

## BASKETBALL.

R. D. Warren .....	Captain
B. A. McIlhenny .....	Manager

## BASEBALL.

W. E. Aylor .....	Captain
F. C. Owen .....	Manager

## TRACK.

T. K. Parrish .....	Captain
W. B. Gold .....	Manager

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Dr. J. H. C. Winston .....Chairman Faculty Athletic Committee



## Wearers of H-S

Football.		Yrs.	Basketball.		Yrs.
W. T. Bondurant (mgr.)	.....	1	Mellhany	.....	3
Herzig	.....	3	Warren, R. D.	.....	2
J. W. Warren	.....	3	Crosby	.....	2
Jones	.....	1	Graham	.....	2
H. F. Rolston	.....	1	Brittain	.....	1
C. H. Rolston	.....	1			
Scott	.....	2	Baseball.		Yrs.
Graham, J. R.	.....	1	Owen (mgr.)	.....	1
Hogshead	.....	1	Aylor	.....	1
Parrish	.....	2	Crosby	.....	1
Aylor	.....	2	Suter	.....	2
R. D. Warren	.....	2			
Fergusson	.....	1			



### OFFICERS.

J. W. Warren, R. D. Warren .....Captains  
 W. T. Bondurant .....Manager  
 J. B. Wall .....Assistant Manager  
 M. C. Bowling .....Coach

### TEAM.

Right End .....R. D. Warren, H. F. Rolston  
 Right Tackle .....Herzig  
 Right Guard .....Allen  
 Center .....Fergusson  
 Left Guard .....Hogshead  
 Left Tackle .....Scott  
 Left End .....Aylor  
 Quarterback .....Jones  
 Right Halfback .....Parrish, C. H. Rolston  
 Left Halfback .....Graham  
 Fullback .....Warren, J. W., Warren, R. D.

### SCRUBS.

Wall, Fleming, Wilson, Melhany, Glaze, Bondurant, R. W.; Wright, Brittain, Alexander, Rolston, J. H.

### THE SEASON.

V. M. I. ....15	H-S.....14
V. P. I. ....12	H-S..... 0
Rich. C. .... 0	H-S.....12
W. & M. .... 0	H-S.....21
R. M. C. .... 0	H-S.....33
Rich. C. .... 0	H-S..... 0
R. M. C. .... 0	H-S.....62
W. & M. .... 0	H-S.....34
Wake Forest ..... 7	H-S..... 7

Total .....34      Total.....183



W. T. BONDURANT  
Manager



M. C. BOWLING  
Coach

## Our Championship Football Season



J. W. WARREN  
Captain (half-season) and Fullback



R. D. WARREN  
Captain (half-season) end and Fullback

Never in the history of the College has there been a football team deserving of so much praise and credit as the eleven which so ably represented us this year. Nor is this true alone from the fact that they won the championship of the Eastern Virginia Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, that they were not scored on by a single opponent in this league, that they scored a total of 183 points to their rivals' 34 during the entire season, that they tied the team which held Georgia Tech 30-0, but also on account of other considerations easily overlooked yet equally important, do they deserve especial praise. The first and greatest drawback which presented itself early in the season was the lack of a coach. But for the first two weeks of practice Charlie Bugg, a star of two seasons ago, generously came to the aid of the squad and gave valuable assistance by giving the team a good start. But when he had to leave school to begin his study of medicine at Hopkins, the team was entirely without a coach and for weeks there was presented on Venable Field a spectacle of College spirit which ought to fill the heart of every Hampden-Sidney man with pride. Day after day the men came out punctually and regularly and set themselves earnestly to the task before them of making a championship Tiger team, with no authoritative or guiding hand to encourage or instruct. Not playful or shirking did they enter into the work as might be expected of boys left to themselves with no restraining hand, but earnestly and in a manner praiseworthy. And to the remarkable spirit which prompted them to this as much as to the physical power of the team can we attribute the remarkable success which has been theirs. But about the middle of the season "Red" Bowling, a member of the team several years ago, and now a student at the Union Theological Seminary, was

secured as Coach and very ably did he mold the team into the powerful machine which it became.

Another very serious drawback to the team was the loss of the captain, Jim Warren, immediately after the beginning of the championship series. Having joined the Vanderbilt Hospital Unit, he was called away to enter a training camp. This left a vacancy on the team which it was hard to fill. His brother, Don Warren, was elected captain and proved to be an excellent leader as well as a conservative player.

The first game of the season was with the strong V. M. I. team and the showing made against them was little less than remarkable. The score of 14-15 in favor of V. M. I. shows how strenuously the



J. R. GRAHAM  
Halfback



PARRISH  
Halfback



JONES  
Quarterback

cadets were forced to fight to ward off a defeat at the hands of their smaller rivals on their home grounds. For the Tigers in this game Graham and J. Warren probably played the best ball, although the whole line did excellent work.

The next game was with the V. P. I. team. Much interest was centered on this contest, for the Tech team was coached by Chas. A. Bernier, who, for several years, was athletic director at Hampden-Sidney. The score of 12-0 fails to show the splendid manner in which the Tiger eleven fought and the closeness of the game. But it must be remembered that only one of Tech's touchdowns was earned while the other came as a result of a fumble by a Tiger half-back in the latter part of the game. Jim Warren put up a splendid exhibition of defensive work.

Other Tiger stars were Jones, Aylor, D. Warren and Fergusson.

The Championship series was launched on Boulevard Park in Richmond when Tiger met Spider in a terrific clash. The game was one never to be forgotten by any interested spectator present. It was a succession of thrills and creepy sensations from beginning to end. The game was marked by the hard grilling and determined football played by the Tigers and toward the latter part of the game by the frenzied, desperate fighting of the Spiders. To Parrish must be given the greater part of praise for the Tiger victory of 12-0. He tore through the line repeatedly for gains and both scores were made by him after carrying the ball for a distance of over fifteen yards through a mass of opponents. Also his punting throughout the game was of the highest order. Others who were often conspicuous were J. Warren, D. Warren, Scott, Aylor, Herzig, Jones and Allen.

The next Championship game was staged on Venable Field when we scalped the William and Mary Indians to the tune of 21-0. In this game the Tigers were able to advance almost at will while the Indians were constantly in hot water. The

Indian line literally crumbled before the Tigers' blacksmith methods of assault. J. Warren played a brilliant game with two-thirds of the tackles to his credit. Parrish and Graham did brilliant offensive work.

On the following Saturday, Boulevard Park was again the scene of a decided Tiger victory. The score Hampden-Sidney 33, Randolph-Macon 0, tells vividly the class of football played by our eleven. Further scoring was prevented by the excessive number of fumbles registered against the back-field men. But despite this fact they were able to score one or more touchdowns in every quarter. To name a star in this game would be unfair to the other members of the team, but the line deserves special mention.



HERZIG  
Tackle



ALLEN  
Guard



HOGSHEAD  
Guard





M. S. SCOTT  
Tackle

On November 10th came the game for which all the others had been preparing, the game in which Tigers and Spiders clashed weapons on Death Valley. This was the crucial contest of the season for our leadership in the coveted race depended upon a victory or tie. It was a heartbreaking game from start to finish, with first one side and then the other having the advantage. But the final whistle found the ball in mid-field and the goal line of neither team crossed or in serious danger. By the Tigers the loss of Jim Warren was deeply felt. The superb punting of Parrish featured the game for the Garnet & Gray. The whole team, however, put up a great exhibition of gameness and fighting spirit.

The next game with Randolph-Macon, which was placed in Petersburg, the Tigers almost converted into a "track

meet". The game ended with a total of 62 points to the credit of the "scrappy Tigers" while their own goal had at no time been in danger. D. Warren, Jones, Graham and Parrish repeatedly got away for runs of over forty yards. In the third quarter Capt. Warren intercepted a pass and ran seventy yards to goal—the longest run of the game and season. At no time did the Tigers exert themselves and toward the latter part of the game many substitutes were sent in.

The last championship game was played in Newport News with William & Mary. The Garnet & Gray conquered, the game being one-sided throughout. Never did the Indians advance the ball farther than the thirty-five yard line. The playing of Graham was the feature of the game, the big half making a majority of the scores. Parrish and Aylor also came in for a share of the honors, the former crossing the goal line carrying the ball together with three men, while the latter executed a forward pass over the opponents' goal line for a touchdown. This game gave the "CUP" to the Tigers.

Our Turkey Day game was played in Norfolk with the strong Wake Forest

eleven—the team that held Georgia Tech 30-0. This was probably the best game of the season. The teams were very evenly matched as the 7-7 score shows. The Tigers were not in the best condition as several players were slightly injured. Capt. D. Warren was almost disabled on account of a badly sprained ankle. He remained in the game, however, until the final whistle blew. Thus the season ended.

On account of the remarkable success of the team in the face of so many discouragements, the Athletic Association decided to award gold footballs to the following letter men: J. Warren, D. Warren, Aylor, Scott, Hogshead, Fergusson, Allen, Herzig, Jones, Parrish, Graham, H. F. Rolston, C. H. Rolston, Mgr. W. T. Bondurant and Coach M. C. Bowling.



AYLOR  
End



C. H. ROLSTON  
Halfback



H. F. ROLSTON  
End

At a meeting of the letter men W. E. Aylor, a two-year letter man of Culpeper, Va., was elected Captain of the 1918 team. It is of course uncertain just who will return next year, but another championship Tiger team is predicted.

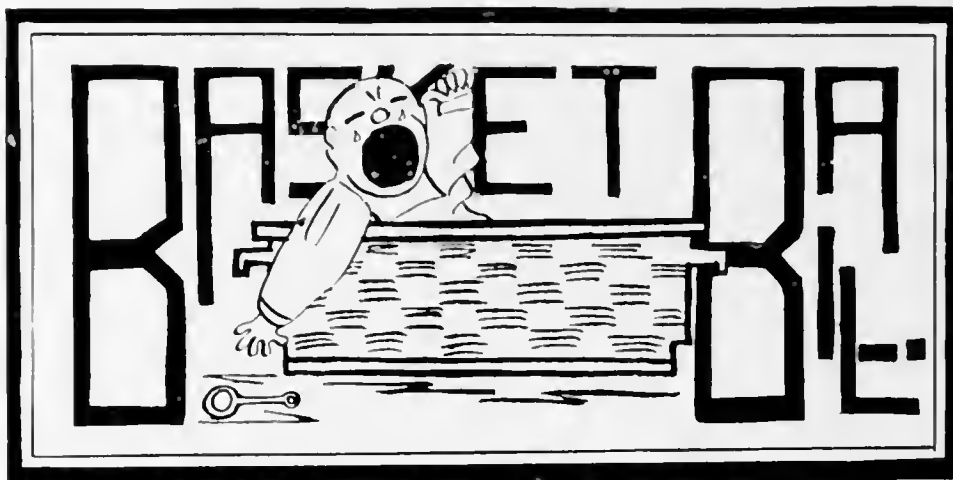
Too much credit cannot be given to Mgr. Bondurant, Bugger, Warwick, and the scrubs who worked unceasingly that the team might always be ready to meet their rivals. All credit to the coaches, managers, line, backs and scrubs for the noble work that they did in bringing the cup home to its real home,—the trophy case in the H-S library.



FERGUSSON  
Center



THE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM.



#### OFFICERS.

R. D. Warren ..... Captain  
 McIlhenny ..... Manager

#### TEAM.

Right Forward ..... Crosby  
 Left Forward ..... Brittain  
 Center ..... Graham  
 Right Guard ..... McIlhenny  
 Left Guard ..... Warren, R. D.

#### SECOND TEAM.

Right Forward .....  
 ..... Stevens (Captain), Parrish  
 Left Forward, Turner, Aylor (Mgr.)  
 Center ..... Allen  
 Right Guard, ..... Scott, Henneman  
 Left Guard, ..... Duckwall, Jones, J. A.



B. A. McILHENNY  
 Manager

#### THE SEASON.

W. & L. ....	34	H-S. ....	11
V. M. L. ....	33	H-S. ....	25
Ream, C. ....	22	H-S. ....	18
V. P. L. ....	19	H-S. ....	23
V. C. C. ....	8	H-S. ....	32
V. P. L. ....	29	H-S. ....	36
R. M. C. ....	11	H-S. ....	27
Ream, C. ....	9	H-S. ....	26
Rich, C. ....	28	H-S. ....	33
R. M. C. ....	15	H-S. ....	23
V. C. C. ....	11	H-S. ....	40
W. & M. ....	27	H-S. ....	13
Rich, C. ....	19	H-S. ....	26
W. & M. ....	15	H-S. ....	27

Total ..... 280

Total ..... 360

## The Second Champion Season,—Basketball



R. D. WARREN  
Captain, Guard

We have been made doubly proud of our basketball team for winning the (Championship) of the league this year. First, because that out of a student body at no time larger than eighty-five men and with no coach we have been able to win so far two cups this year; second, because it is the first championship basketball team of which the College has been able to boast thus far. And well we may be proud of them, for, when their season began in earnest, they became a formidable quint for any team in Virginia.



McILHANY  
Guard

We were fortunate in returning four of last year's team, but that was all,—there were not more than one or two of last year's scrubs to rely upon to fill the vacancy, and for substitutes. But the Freshman Class furnished two valuable men, Brittain playing regularly on the first team and Jones, J. A., being substitute. The line-up as they entered all the games was as follows: Crosby and Brittain, forwards, Graham, center, Warren and McIlhany, guards; Warren being Captain.

The season started with a bad aspect for the first three games were lost, some of them by a close score, however. These were with Washington & Lee, V. M. I. and Roanoke College. But in the next contest we defeated V. P. I. and started a winning streak which was broken only once during the remainder of the season, this being at the hands of William & Mary.

The week following this inauspicious first trip, we won from V. C. C. and later on a second time from V. P. I. We next met the Roanoke College quint on our home floor for the return game. As they claimed to have one of the best teams in the State and had beaten us in the first contest, much interest centered



CROSBY  
Forward

around the conflict. But we were victorious by a decisive score, our chances of victory being no time in danger, the team taking the lead in the first few minutes of play and holding it throughout the game. The Championship games were next on the schedule and our first was with Randolph-Macon which proved an easy victory for H-S. Richmond College next fell victim to the Tigers' claws, but this proved a very interesting contest. Randolph-Macon was then defeated a second time and we had finished half of the series, a perfect record to our credit. But the next game with William & Mary proved disastrous. It was a curious spectacle that was presented, the stronger team at the mercy of the weaker. No one has been able to account for the defeat, but suffice it is to say that it end-



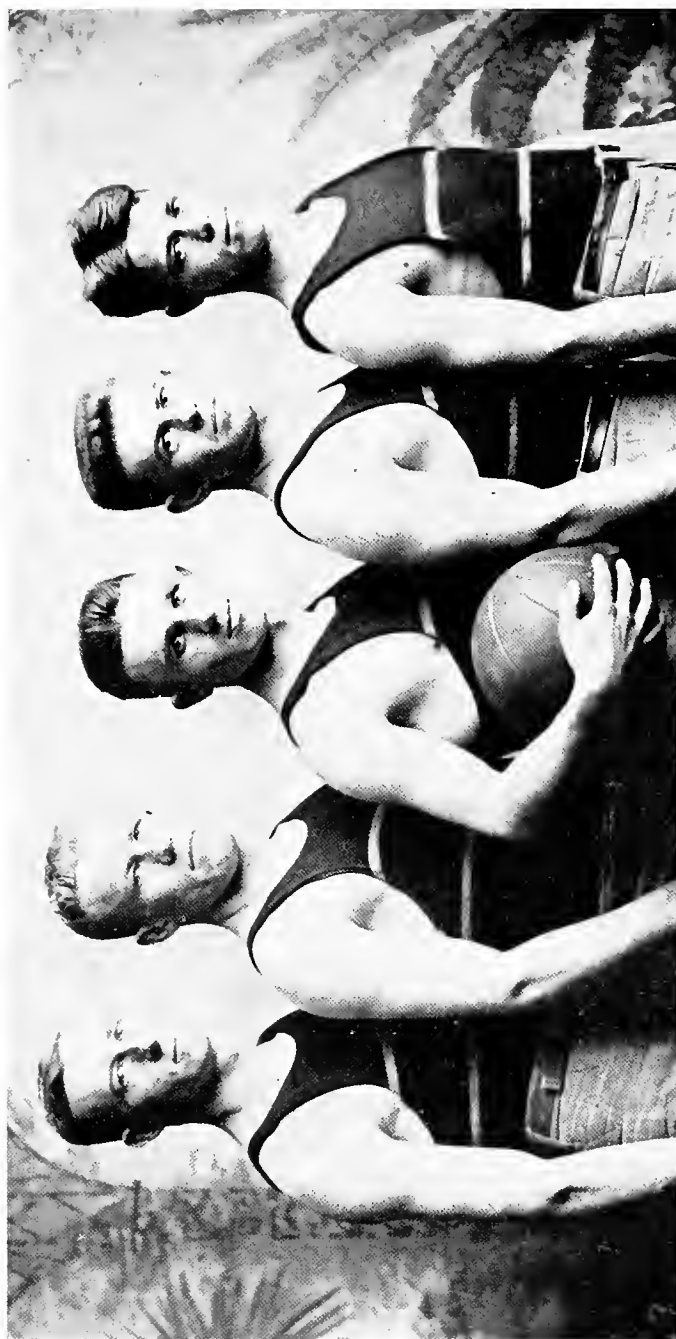
BRITTAIN  
Forward

ed with the Garnet & Gray possessing the small end of the score. The defeat, however, merely strengthened the determination of the five to win the Championship by taking the next two games. The second Richmond College contest came first and with very little difficulty we won by a safe margin. Then came the final battle with William & Mary, the only team which had boasted themselves over a victory over us, and the game which decided which team should win the cup. But in Graham Gymnasium, with the gallery packed with spectators, among them a host of the fairest damsels of the land, our visitors for the Intermediate Dances, we decisively overcame the Indians and won the first basketball championship for Hampden-Sidney!

Too much praise cannot be given this team, which has made such an enviable record. At no time have they had a coach, yet they have worked faithfully and well. To the scrubs, too, we owe thanks for the victory as well as to the first team. Among the faithful scrubs we might mention Stevens, Jones, Turner, Scott, Aylor, Allen, Duckwall, Fergusson, Henneman and Lyle. To the hard and consistent work of the scrubs is due the perfect condition of the Varsity. Congratulations, then, and thanks to the Varsity, the Scrubs and to all who helped in winning another Championship and Cup for old Hampden-Sidney!



GRAHAM  
Center



ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM.

# BASEBALL

## OFFICERS.

W. E. Aylor ..... Captain  
 F. C. Owen ..... Manager  
 R. M. Venable ..... Assistant Manager

## PROSPECTUS.

The outlook for a successful baseball season is, we should say very bright. Three letter men, Crosby, Aylor and Suter, form the nucleus around which it is hoped that a winning team is to be developed. Competition is now running high and the student-body will leave nothing undone which might add a third cup to our trophy case.

The following men responded on March 5th to Capt. Aylor's call for recruits: Crosby, Suter, Morton, Warren, Parrish, Scott, Fergusson, Owen, Neal, F. D. Wilson, C. H. Rolston, H. E. Rolston, Stevens, Turner, Saunders, and Venable of the upper classes and Graham, B. J. Atkinson, Wilkerson, Connally, J. A. Jones, R. S. Jones, Banc, H. C. Alexander, McFaden, J. W. Lacy, J. A. Lacy, and Custis of the Freshman Class.



F. C. OWEN  
Manager

Manager Owen announces the following schedule:  
 April 4th—William and Mary at Farmville, Va. (Exhibition.)  
 April 11th—V. M. I. at Lexington, Va.  
 April 12th—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.  
 April 13th—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.  
 April 17th—Randolph-Macon College at H-S (Championship).  
 April 20th—Richmond College at Richmond (Championship).  
 April 27th—William and Mary at H. S. (Championship).  
 May 1st—Randolph-Macon College at Ashland (Championship).  
 May 4th—Richmond College at H. S. (Championship).  
 May 10th—48th Infantry, U. S. A., at Newport News, Va.  
 May 11th—William and Mary at Williamsburg (Championship).

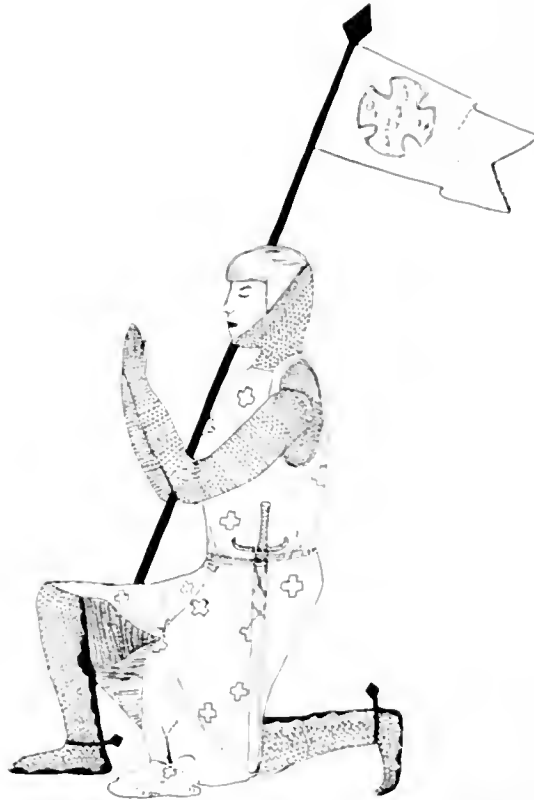


W. E. AYLOR  
Captain





THE SQUAD.



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# FRATERNITIES



MISS ETHEL EMSWILER  
Sponsor of Fraternities



## Chi Phi Fraternity

Founded at Princeton University, 1824

Epsilon Chapter Installed, 1867

Publication: Chakett

Active Chapters: 22

### Fratres In Collegio

R. W. King, '18

G. S. Crosby, '20

W. A. Saunders, '20

F. B. Welton, '21

F. T. McFaden, '21

J. W. Warren, '19

R. D. Warren, '20

J. B. Henneman, '20

F. F. Thweatt, '21

G. A. Lyle, '21

### Fratres In Urbe

R. K. Brock

W. G. Dunnington

J. K. Irving







## Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia, 1867

Upsilon Chapter Installed, 1883

Publication: The Caduceus

Active Chapters: 83

Fratres In Collegio

E. F. Neal, '18

C. S. Sydnor, '18

F. D. Wilson, '19

R. C. Alexander, '21

W. L. Fleming, '21

F. C. Owen, '18

J. B. Wall, '19

Wm. Old, '20

H. C. Alexander, '21

J. W. Lacy, '21







## Phi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia, 1868

Iota Chapter Installed, 1885

Publication: The Shield and Diamond

Active Chapters: 15

### Fratres In Collegio

W. E. Aylor, '19

G. R. Turner, '20

R. G. Fergusson, '20

J. P. Atkinson, '20

R. P. Brittain, '21

R. W. Bugg, '20

W. A. P. Copenhaver, '20

T. K. Parrish, '19

B. J. Atkinson, '21

D. A. Wilson, '21

### Fratres In Urbe

P. Tulane Atkinson

G. L. Walker









## Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington & Lee University, 1865

Alpha Tau Chapter Installed, 1900

Publication: Kappa Alpha Journal

Active Chapters: 17

### Fratres In Collegio

J. R. Graham, Jr., '18

M. S. Scott, '19

W. Mc. Sprinkle, '20

C. A. Stevens, '20

R. A. Saunders, '21

R. M. Venable, '20

### Fratres In Urbe

R. H. Paulett

E. S. Martin







## Theta Chi Fraternity

Founded at Norwich University, 1856

Xu Chapter Installed, 1911

Publication: The Rattle

Active Chapters: 21

### Fratres In Collegio

H. G. Allen, '18

L. W. Angle, '19

H. R. Buck, '20

W. T. Easley, '21

J. C. White, '21

G. H. Denny, '18

J. M. Leps, '20

J. B. Scott, '20

T. E. Graham, '21

E. H. McGuire, '21

B. A. McIlhenny, '18

L. W. Morton, '19

R. F. Connally, '21

J. R. Gregg, '21

R. S. Jones, '21

### Fratres In Urbe

R. E. Warwick

J. H. C. Winston







## **Sigma Upsilon Fraternity**

(Literary)

Founded at Vanderbilt University, 1906

Sphinx Chapter Installed, 1946

Publication: The Journal of Sigma Upsilon

Active Chapters: 19

### **Fratres In Collegio**

E. F. Neal, '18

B. A. McIlhenny, '18

G. R. Turner, '20

C. S. Sydnor, '18

R. W. King, '18

J. M. Laps, '20

J. B. Cunningham, '20

### **Fratres In Facultate**

W. H. Whiting, Jr.

A. W. McWhorter

### **Fratres In Urbe**

R. E. Warwick



## Hu Omega Kappa Alpha

(A non-competitive organization, established, 1915)

### Members (2nd Degree)

James C. Clarke, '19	C. H. Rolston, '18	B. F. Higgs, '19
W. B. Gold, '19	G. W. Ropp, '20	J. A. Jones, '21
J. W. Hogshead, '20	T. W. Eastman, '21	P. Rolston, '19
M. N. Suter, '18	G. V. Glaze, '20	

### (1st Degree)

E. E. Higgs, '21	H. F. Rolston, '18	J. H. Rolston, '21
	J. A. Lacy, '21	

### Fratres In Urbe

E. L. Dupuy	J. H. Allen	R. W. Dupuy
-------------	-------------	-------------







Neal  
Scott, M. S.



Sydnor  
Venable  
Atkinson, P. T.

Scott, M. S.  
Venable  
Owen  
Neal  
Parrish  
Aylor



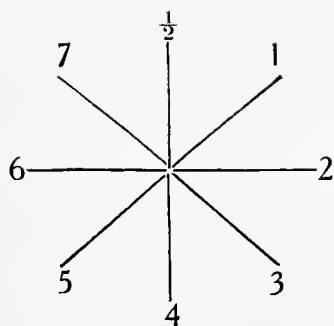
Turner  
Wilson  
Stevens  
Henneman  
Fergusson  
Wall

Stevens  
Bugg  
Scott, M. S.  
Owen  
Neal

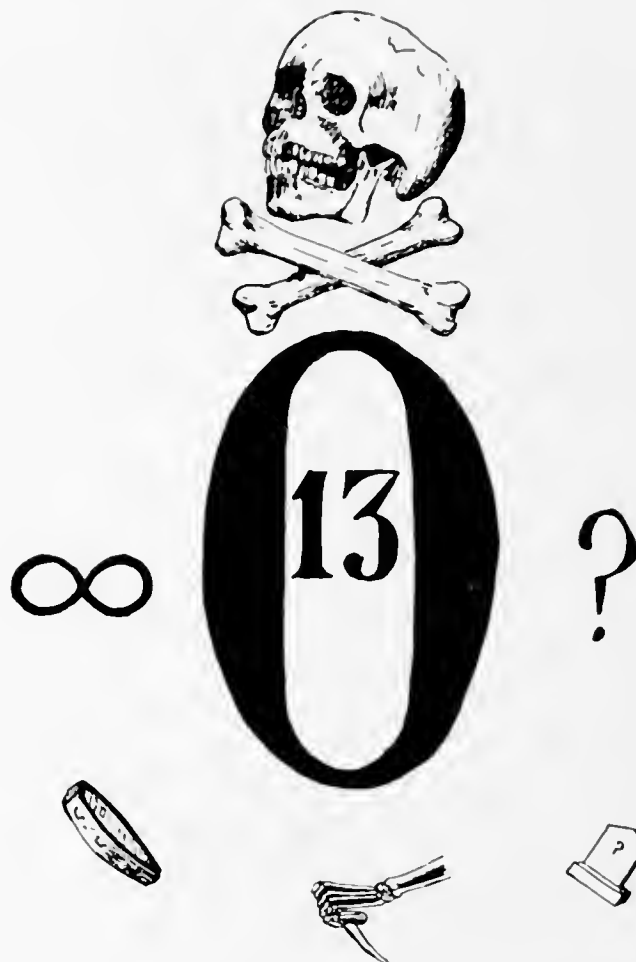


Angle  
Parrish  
Wall  
Wilson, F. D.

Wall  
McFaden  
Bugg  
Neal  
Parrish  
Scott, M. S.  
Venable



Fleming  
Sprinkle  
Thweatt  
Alexander, H. C.  
Saunders, R. A.  
Brittain



#### MEMBERS

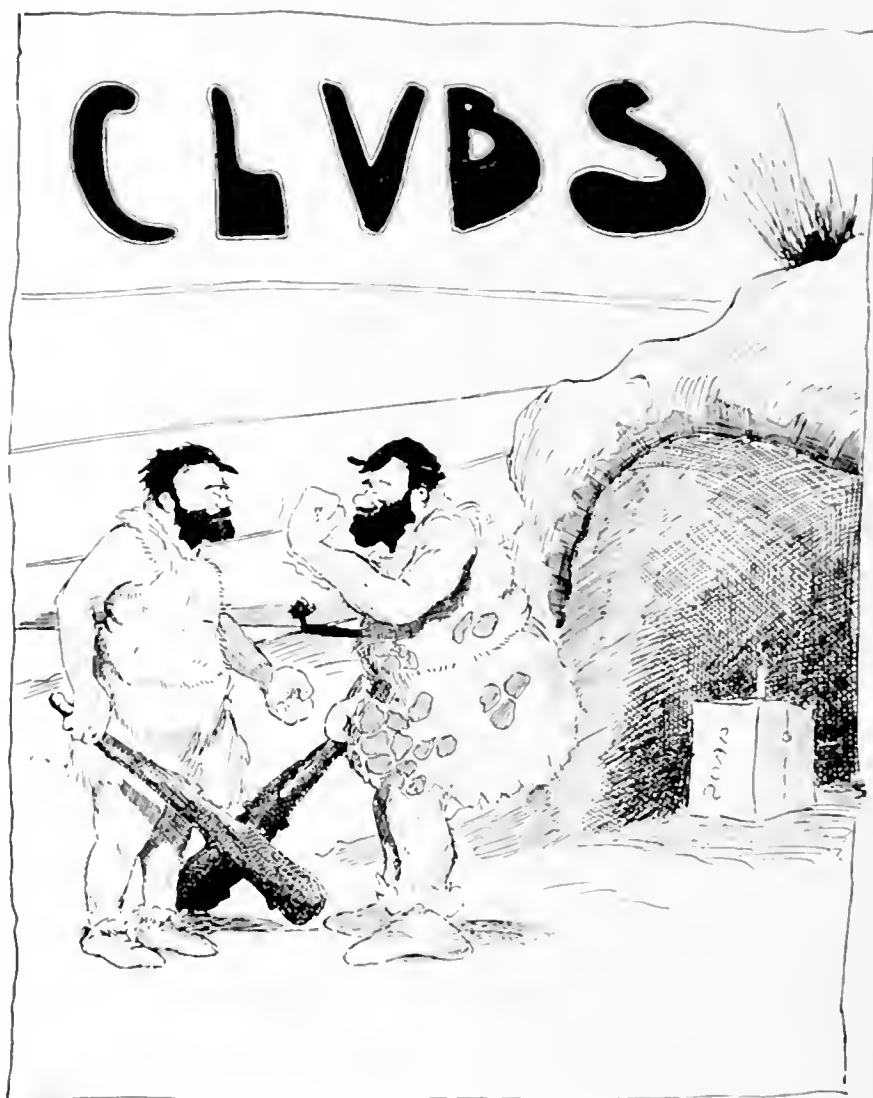
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 $\times$   $+$   
 $-$   $\infty$   
 $\div$   $+$   
 $-$   $+$   
 $-$   $\infty$   
 $\infty$   $\div$   
 $\infty$   $+$

#### GOATS

$\times$   $-$   
 $\div$   $\infty$   
 $+$   $\infty$   
 $\times$   $\infty$   
 $\infty$   $+$



SOME SNAPSHOTS.

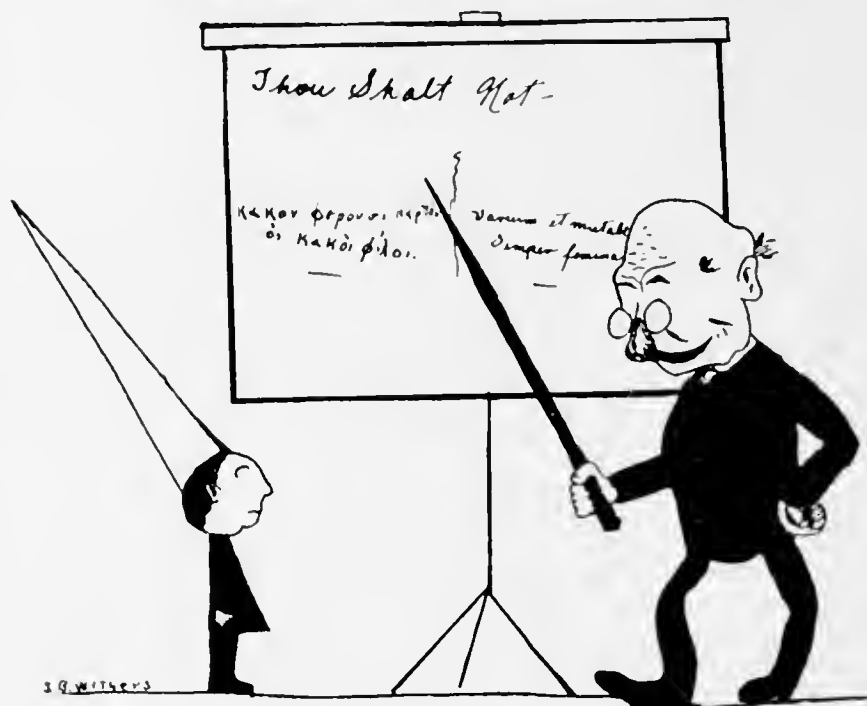






MISS CHARLOTTE WOLFE  
Sponsor of Clubs and Organizations

# STUDENT



# COUNCIL

## OFFICERS.

H. G. Allen, B. W. King ..... Presidents  
 C. S. Sydnor ..... Vice-President  
 James C. Clarke ..... Sec.-Treasurer

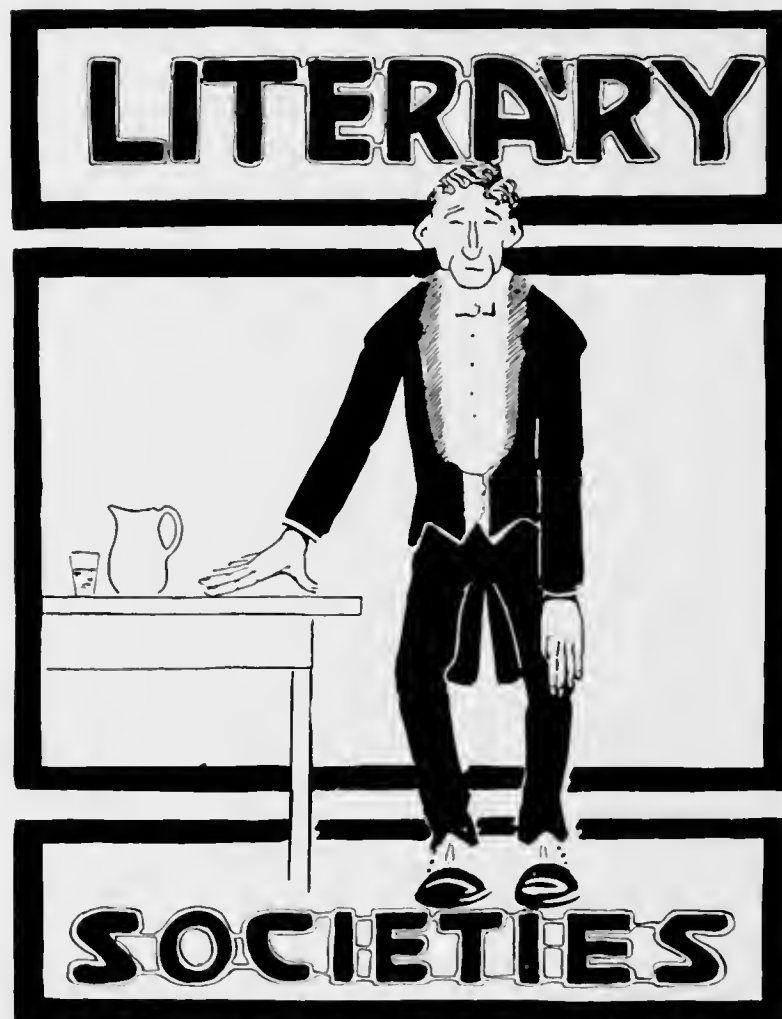
## MEMBERS.

Allen, H. G.; Sydnor, King, Neal, Morton, Clarke, Gold, Aylor, Smith, Bugg,  
 Venable.



#### OFFICERS.

H. G. Allen, C. S. Sydnor .....	Presidents
W. T. Bondurant, R. D. Warren .....	Vice-Presidents
W. B. Gold .....	Secretary
B. A. McIlhany .....	Treasurer
C. S. Sydnor .....	Manager Reading Room
L. W. Morton .....	Treasurer Students' Friendship War Fund



## Roll of Union Society

Denny	Suter	Gregg
Herzig	Hogshead	Lacy, J. W.
Mellhany	Ropp	Perry
Sydnor	Sprinkle	Stauffer
Graham, J. R.	Street	White
Angle	Stevens	McFadden
Scott, M. S.	Turner	Graham, T. E.
Wilson	Venable	Easley
Copenhaver	Wimbish	Brittian
Duckwall, J. S.	Connally	Duckwall, J. M.
Hager	Custis	McGavack

## Roll of Philanthropic Society

Allen, H. G.	Rolston, F.	Alexander, R. C.
Bondurant, W. T.	Allen, F. A.	Atkinson, B. J.
Bondurant, R. W.	Wall, J.	Carson
Elliott	Warren, J. W.	Eastman
King	Atkinson, J. P.	Fleming
Neal	Buck	Hundley
Owen	Bugg	Lacy, J. A.
Gold	Cunningham	Lyle
Higgs, B. F.	Henneman	Rolston, J. H.
Morton	Leps	Saunders, R. A.
Aylor	Fergusson	Jones, J. A.
Clarke	Smith	Thweatt
Parrish	Saunders, W. A.	Welton
Rolston, C. H.	Warren, R. D.	Wilkinson
Rolston, H. F.	Alexander, H. C.	Wright



# Oratory - Debate

## Inter-Society Debate

SUBJECT,

Resolved, That the Commission form of government is contrary to the fundamental principles and ideals of the American form of government.

Affirmative ..... W. B. Gold, J. B. Cunningham

Negative ..... C. S. Sydnor, W. J. Custis

Won by the Affirmative representing the

Philanthropic Literary Society

## INTERMEDIATE CELEBRATION.

Union Society.

J. R. Graham ..... Senior Orator

G. R. Turner ..... Junior Orator

F. D. Wilson ..... Junior Orator

Philanthropic Society.

F. C. Owen ..... Senior Orator

J. C. Clarke ..... Junior Orator

Wm. Old ..... Junior Orator

Emory & Henry Debate

R. M. Venable ..... Union Representative

W. E. Aylor ..... Philanthropic Representative



## First Passage

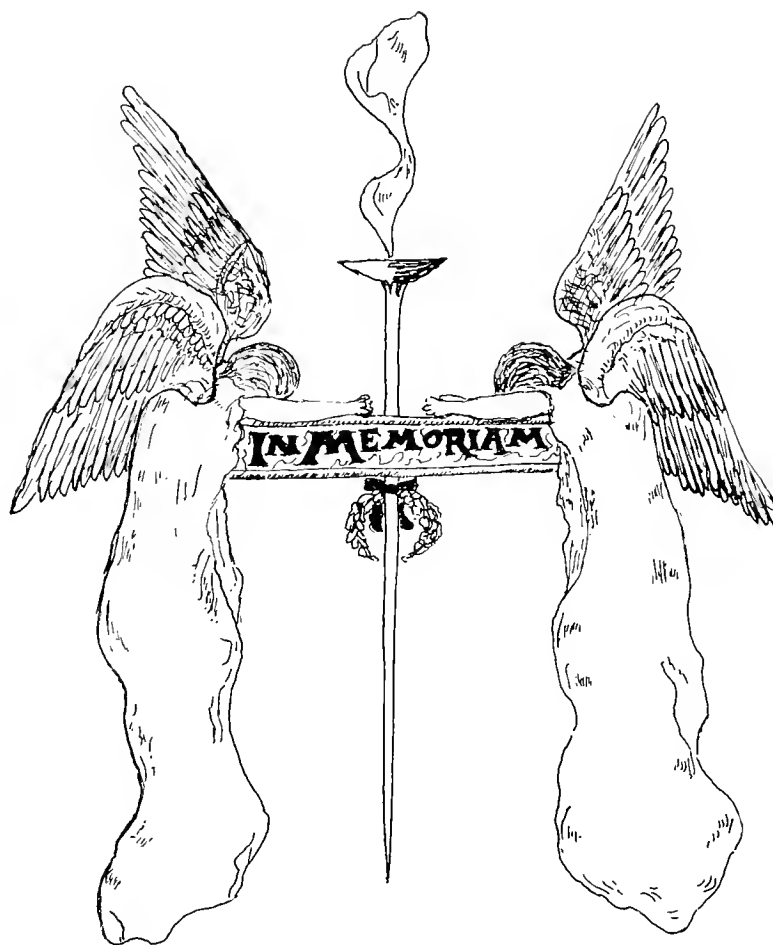
Owen .....	Denniston, Va.
Neal .....	Richmond, Va.
Stevens .....	Richmond, Va.
Higgs, B. F. ....	Ranson, W. Va.
Rolston, F. ....	Mt. Clinton, Va.
Venable .....	Charleston, W. Va.
Wilson .....	Richmond, Va.
Wall .....	Farmville, Va.
Bugg .....	Farmville, Va.
Wright .....	Stewartsville, Va.
Bane .....	Bland, Va.
Wilkerson .....	Champe, Va.
McGavock .....	Max Meadows, Va.
Hager .....	Max Meadows, Va.
Welton .....	Moorefield, W. Va.
Old .....	Powhatan, Va.
Hundley .....	Farmville, Va.
Stauffer .....	Wily, Va.



## Second Passage

Custis .....	Pocomoke City, Md.
Lacy, J. W. ....	Pocomoke City, Md.
White . . . . .	Chatham, Va.
Saunders, R. A. ....	Wilson, Va.
Elliott .....	Darlington Heights, Va.
Smith . . . . .	Farmville, Va.
Easley .....	Clarksville, Va.
Graham, T. E. ....	Townsville, N. C.





3rd Passage  
Gone but not Forgotten



## Fourth Passage

Eastman . . . . .	Saluda, Va.
Scott, J. B. . . . .	Fredericksburg, Va.
McIlhenny . . . . .	Bluefield, W. Va.
Leps . . . . .	Appomattox, Va.
Morton . . . . .	Keysville, Va.
Buck . . . . .	Port Deposit, Md.
Rolston, C. H. . . . .	Mt. Clinton, Va.
Rolston, H. F. . . . .	Mt. Clinton, Va.
Rolston, J. H. . . . .	Mt. Clinton, Va.
Bowling (Temporary) . . . . .	Richmond, Va.
Brittain . . . . .	Tazewell, Va.
Copenhaver . . . . .	Tazewell, Va.
Herzig . . . . .	Meherrin, Va.
Higgs, E. E. . . . .	Ranson, W. Va.
Suter . . . . .	Mt. Clinton, Va.
Jones, R. S. . . . .	Berryville, Va.
Wilson, D. A. . . . .	Champe, Va.
Thweatt . . . . .	Petersburg, Va.
Lacy, J. A. . . . .	Meadville, Va.
Connally . . . . .	Brookneal, Va.
Angle . . . . .	Rocky Mount, Va.
Parrish . . . . .	Richmond, Va.
Fergusson . . . . .	Richmond, Va.
Turner . . . . .	Campbellville, Ky.

Steady: Mr. John Evans.



## Gymnasium Annex

(Always In The Front)

Members.	Home.
Gold .....	Roanoke, Va.
Aylor .....	Calpeper, Va.
McGuire .....	Yazoo City, Miss.
Hogshead .....	Staunton, Va.
Gregg .....	Belfast, Ireland
Street .....	Toughkenamon, Pa.
Syduor .....	Rome, Ga.
Graham .....	Tsing Kiang Fu, China
Alexander, H. C. ....	Tunstell, Va.
Alexander, R. C. ....	Tunstell, Va.
King .....	Emmett, Tenn.
Warren, J. W. ....	Nashville, Tenn.

### HONORARY.

Scott .....	Cape Charles, Va.
Warren, R. D. ....	Nashville, Tenn.



## The Lacy House

Aylor .....	Culpeper, Va.	Connally .....	Brookneal, Va.
McFaden .....	Richmond, Va.	Gregg .....	Belfast, Ireland
Old .....	Centralia, Va.	Easley .....	Clarksville, Va.
Owen .....	Denniston, Va.	Lyle .....	Keysville, Va.
Stevens .....	Richmond, Va.	Sydnor .....	Rome, Ga.
Scott .....	Cape Charles, Va.	Brittain .....	Tazewell, Va.
Neal .....	Richmond, Va.	Saunders .....	Wilson, Va.
King .....	Emmett, Tenn.	Wilson, D. A. ....	Rawlings, Va.
Fergusson .....	Richmond, Va.	Lacy, J. W. ....	Pocomoke, Md.
Parrish .....	Richmond, Va.	Thwett .....	Petersburg, Va.
Bugg .....	Farmville, Va.	Welton .....	Moorefield, W. Va.
Copenhaver .....	Tazewell, Va.	Hudley .....	Farmville, Va.
Venable .....	Charleston, W. Va.		





## The Grottoes

Wimbish .....	Scottsburg, Va.
Crosby .....	Hampton, Va.
Angle .....	Rocky Mount, Va.
Henneman .....	Dillwyn, Va.
Saunders .....	Saluda, Va.
Sprinkle .....	Marion, Va.
Fleming .....	Richmond, Va.
Bondurant, R. W. ....	Rice, Va.
Bondurant, W. T. ....	Rice, Va.
Denny .....	Charles Town, W. Va.





## The Club

J. C. Clark ..... Steward  
W. B. Gold ..... Auditor  
J. W. Hogshhead ..... Auditor

Allen, H. G.  
Denny  
Elliott  
Graham, J. R.  
Herzig  
Rolston, C. H.  
Rolston, H. F.  
Suter  
Clark  
Gold  
Higgs, B. F.  
Morton  
Rolston, F.  
Wall  
Wilson, F. D.

Allen, F. A.  
Buck  
Cunningham  
Duckwall, J. M.  
Duckwall, J. S.  
Hager  
Hogshhead  
Leps  
Ropp  
Scott, J. B.  
Smith  
Turner  
Alexander, H. C.  
Alexander, R. C.  
Bane

Custis  
Eastman  
Graham, T. E.  
Higgs, E. E.  
Jones, R. S.  
Lacy, J. A.  
McGuire  
McGavaek  
Perry  
Rolston, J. H.  
Stautler  
White  
Wright  
Wilkerson

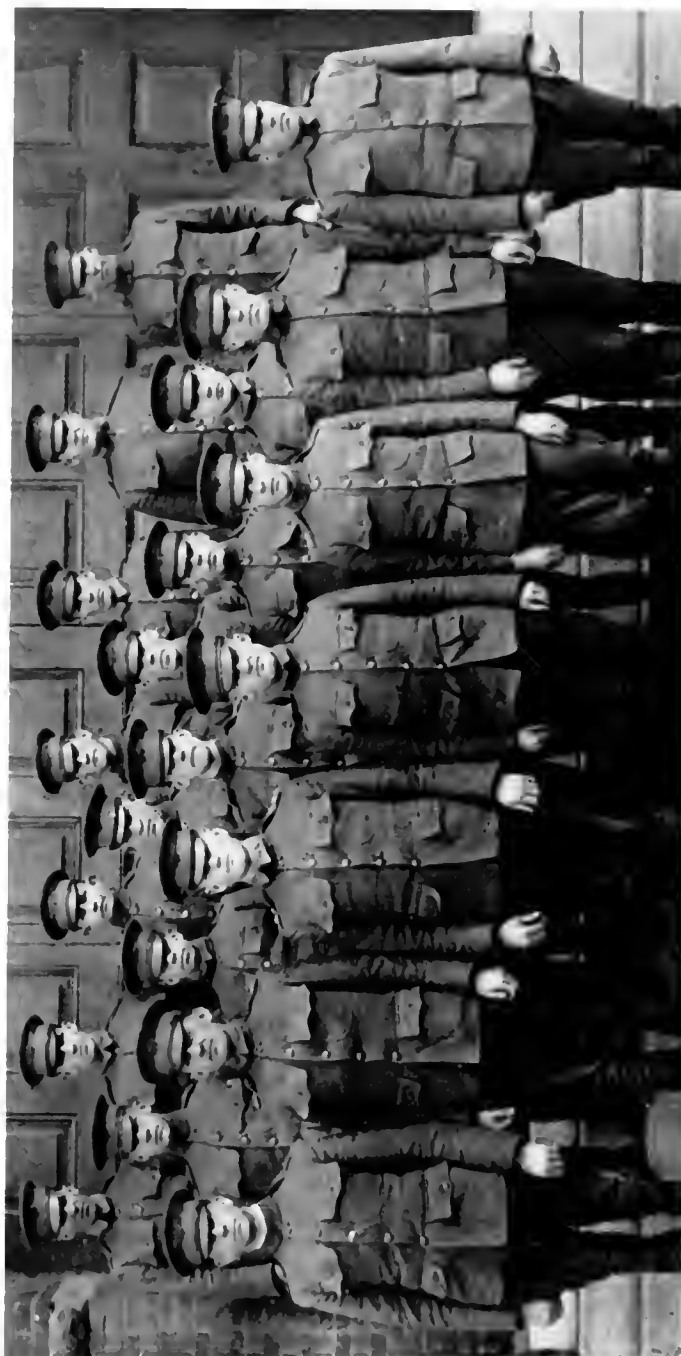




## The Maples

Atkinson, J. P. .... Champe, Va.  
 Atkinson, B. J. .... Champe, Va.  
 Atkinson, P. T. .... Champe, Va. (Hampden-Sidney, Va.)  
 B. A. McIlhany .... Bluefield, W. Va.





BATTALION OFFICERS.



## Getting into Khaki

By Captain David A. Haller, U. S. M. C.

ONE night in the early Spring of 1917, a score or more of internes and residents in their white clothes were grouped about a large open fire-place in the rest room of a large Boston hospital. The wonderfully comfortable chairs were empty, for it has always been true that the human brain works best with the body also active, and those minds were very busy that night. Many were the quickly formed questions asked but the answers were not so easily given. Men who had been over on the various hospital units were looked to for information as to what the medical men did in war, what their status was and how they got commissions. A few who had worn uniforms in the National Guard regiments of various States were plied with questions: How could one get into the Guard? Was the Guard going abroad?—and many other queries which at this later date would cause a very broad smile if asked of these same men, who have seen a few months field service, were unanswerable questions at that time. Late into the night the debate went on: Did varicose veins disqualify one if only in one leg? Could you get in if you were color blind? Only urgent calls to the ward tore anyone away from that group. Case Histories, Microscopic preparations, even the brainless long suffering guinea pigs, faithfully assisting on your pet pieces of research work, were forgotten.

Members of that group claimed Maine, Ohio, Texas, Oregon and the Old Dominion as their homes besides those who lived in Massachusetts. Peaceful and peace loving the day before, now all Americans and the President had asked Congress to declare war on the Hun.

Weeks later, for in an unprepared country the war-mill grinds slowly, members of that group were reading telegrams ordering them to camps for training. When one puts on *Khaki* and fastens *U. S.* on his collar he should feel proud. He does, but on the very first occasion pride is not the predominant sensation. You know how you felt when you put on your first pair of long trousers. That's the feeling, only more so. With the directions of very well meaning but very unwise friends still ringing in your ears you got on the first train, equipped in a way that would make a guardsman smile but an old army Sergeant weep, if he could see through the weak spots in the disguise, and most all of them can.

With nothing ringing or playing, for the Army didn't meet you at the Station, you climbed from that same train some hours afterward. You may have seen an unadorned plain at Harrison or Riley, again you may have been fortunate enough to see wonderful Oglethorpe in Chickamauga Park, where, perhaps, your Grand Father fought. At any rate you carefully kept your hands out of your pockets, stuck out your chest and your jaw and began to look for the

Headquarters of the Medical Officers' Training Camp. It was not hard to find, but it was reached only after running the gauntlet of "Hello Doc."—"You're in the Army now"—"Where's your horse"—"Have you got an orderly yet?". "Gee, but that silver bar shines". All in good fun so that you had to smile, even though you were the object of these pleasantries, for you knew that others of your profession had received their "Yellow paper" and had reached the Camp before you. At first you thought that they had beaten you there by weeks, for they were so blasé and so much at ease, but the next day you knew that it was by days, for you were in the gang then calling out to the latest "Rookie."—"Bring your meat can?". "Have you got your butter checks?" All with as great an air of being an old-timer as the oldest inhabitant of the camp. The open air, the uniform, and the freedom from civil restraint all make the Army a melting pot where individuality and personality are prominent, but where there is very little done for "grand stand" effect, for there are none of the observing patients as in civil life to whom you must not appear unprofessional.

In the first days of camp you do grumble a little,—you wonder why there is no water in which to bathe, you wonder why the mess house is not screened, you wonder why they build a barrack for 100 men and then put 150 in it. Most of all you wonder how in the World you are ever going to exist without seeing someone who is wearing your ring and who right that minute is more than a thousand miles away. Each day of that first week seems like a year. Gradually, however, the conditions improve,—you learn to like the drill, the lectures and the routine. Your wish to get somewhere near the Hun returns stronger than ever. Time slips by quickly and soon your period of training is nearly over and the air is full of wild rumors. Suddenly your neighbor in the next bunk is detailed to an Ambulance Company, another goes to a Field Hospital, a dozen more go to some nearby Regular Army Infantry regiments and still you survive the picking process. Finally you hear your name called by the orderly and you snatch the order out of his hand and do not read but simply assimilate the contents at one gulp. You are going to the National Army and you let out a yell. It is not that you do not want anything else, not that the National Army has any charm that the Regulars or Guard do not possess. You only yell because something has happened at last and are *going*, really going.

It takes only ten minutes to pack and you don't say "Good-bye" to anyone. You are all in the Army and the Army never leaves,—it is always with you—you only go to meet other new and interesting members of the family.

On the train you think it all over again: What will the Camp be like to which you are going. When will the first draft come? Will all of the men be green? Will there be many pacifists and many conscientious objectors? If there are, what will happen? No one knows, but you, You lucky devil, are going to see it all. You are going to see this, the most wonderful show that America has ever offered. You are going to see the professional man, the business man, the truck

driver, the blacksmith, the clerk, the student,—men of all nationalities, of all races, of all the social planes and of all financial standings, come in as a mob and leave as an Army. They won't come as you imagine a mob of Americans would come, but they will look like Americans really are. There is a big difference. I know now. I saw that mob when it came in groups of two's and three's afoot, in jitneys from the nearest towns, in train loads from the City. They were a motley crew. I followed one train load and talked with the men. There was a Chinaman, there were a few Greeks, a Sweed, Italians, a Turk, Hungarians, and many nativeborn Americans.

I had cherished no idea of there being a unified America and a typical American. I had lived in the South, in New York and in New England. I had visited as far West as Wyoming, but I never knew until then that this mob would be our Army when war came.

My depression that day was deep. That an American would make a good soldier, I had always told myself. Didn't our Grand Fathers at Bunker Hill, didn't they in Mexico and at New Orleans? Was there any amount of "yellow" visible at Gettysburg or at Antietam? *No* is the answer written over every page of American history. But are these men Americans? What will they do? Of course the majority are citizens, but what does that really mean?

Many busy days passed, days so full of work that one wonders on looking back how it was all done and who did it. That mob of yesterday to-day stands transformed: They are not trained in the fine points of throwing hand grenades, they do not yet know how to repair machine guns and automatic rifles, they do not yet know the sensation of going "*over the top*" to meet the Hun, but they are no longer a mob. They know close order drill, they can do sentry duty, they can and have marched down the city streets during the Holidays, just passed, in a way and with a snap that bodes no good for the men who have to stop these Americans when they get the finishing touches "*over there*" and walk in to meet the Hun where he lives.

The two great outstanding thoughts which come into our minds are these: At last we are going to have an Army which will demand respect for our country, which will take away the lingering sting of that most unfortunate phrase "Too proud to fight". At last we are going to have something real between our homes and the Hun rather than that dream of an unbalanced mind which told us that a million men could and would spring to arms over night. At last we have the entering wedge for a drive in the direction of universal military training, which we should always have had. It is that which will keep us out of future wars, if we are to be kept out,—not our innocence, our benevolence, our honest dealing or our wealth. Peace cannot be bought with coin, even though it does bear an *eagle* on its face. Peace comes from the power of millions of bayonets backing the scream of the eagle.

The second thought is this: Our country may have been a melting pot, but the fire was rather low and the pot quite cool. This affair has kindled the fire, the pot boils and, when the end has come there will be a unified and united America, ready and able to serve the cause of *Democracy* all over the World, and not a mob of self-centered, money mad individuals, who would stand quietly by and watch the Hun shoot his torpedoes at our ships without any more effectual protest than simply writing him notes.

It will be months and it probably will be years before we count for much in this war. No one in this Army now hesitates to say that some day over the prostrate form of Belgium and the body of exhausted France we will yet live to see the Hun shed a tear, for upon his neck we will see the foot of all the civilized world, and then we can again remember the motto of our own good old state, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*".

Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., Jan. 10th, 1918.



## Chronicle

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

I. Now it came to pass in the tenth year of the reign of King Tuck that the King had become old and full of years and, behold, the burdens of the people grew heavy on his shoulders and he wearied of the court.

II. And he determined in his mind to get him to a south country where the sun smiles soft, even like unto balm, wafted by gentle winds; and there he would rest, he and his house with him and there would he be buried.

III. May his increase be as the sands by the seashore and as the stars that deck the firmament of the heavens in number; may his years be long and plenteous and may his reclining days be spent in peace and happiness among his children and his childrens' children! Selah!

IV. Now the rest of the acts of King Tuck and all the good deeds which he did are they not written in the Book of the Kings of our tribe and are they not in the keeping of the scribes?

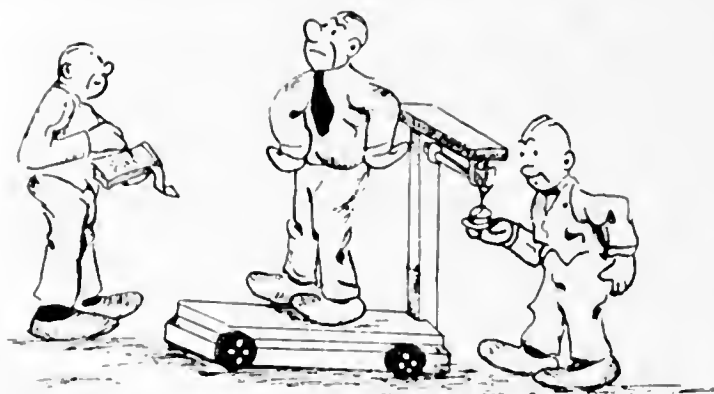
V. Now when the people knew that this was so, all the tribe and the people round about showered vessels of silver and gold, even inscribed with letters carved with cunning workmanship and burned rare and costly incense of the species Taurus to him when lo, he was gone: and they mourned him greatly.

VI. And all the people did mourn one hundred and three score and seven days and did him much honour and Squirts the silver-tongued, reigned in his stead.

VII. Now Squirts was exceeding young when he began to reign and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord and he laboured long and faithfully for his people.

VIII. And they loved him with an exceeding great love.

IX. Now the days of Squirts were boisterous days and the bugles of War and the trumpets of conflict were sounded from Dan to Beersheba and the young men rose up and gird about their loins and armed themselves and took up their arms in preparation for War.



# STATISTICS

	<i>1st Choice</i>	<i>2nd Choice</i>
Most Popular Professor .....	Dr. Whiting	Dr. Bagby
Most Popular Student .....	Neal	Wall
Best Baseball Player .....	Suter	Aylor
Best Basketball Player .....	Graham	Warren
Best Football Player .....	Graham	Warren
Best Tennis Player .....	Graham	Parrish
Best All Around Athlete .....	Warren	Graham
Best All Around Man .....	Warren	Mellhany
Biggest Woman Hater .....	Gregg	Elliott
Biggest Eater .....	Graham	Higgs, E. E.
Biggest Live Wire .....	Wall	Owen
Biggest Ladies' Man .....	Fergusson	Scott
Best Musician .....	Cunningham	Aylor
Best Singer .....	Sydnor	Graham
Best Dancer .....	Neal	Owen
Best Looking Man .....	Henneman	Parrish
Greenest Freshman .....	Gregg	Wright
Most Studious .....	Elliott	Bugg
Best Orator .....	Owen	King
Best Debator .....	Gold	Clarke
Best Writer .....	Cunningham	Mellhany

Members of Church .....	Nine-tenths
Do Many Drink .....	All (Adam's Ale.)
Do They Smoke .....	Most of Them
Do They Chew .....	Very Few
How do they stand on the Suffrage Question.....	13 would give them the vote
What Denominations .....	Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists, in order.



## Weed Club

By-word: Gimme That Stump.

### PERPETUAL USERS.

Jones, R. S.  
Higgs, B. F.  
Suter  
Venable

Connally  
Angle  
Aylor  
Turner

Owen  
Perry  
Wimbush  
Herzig

### OCCASIONAL USERS.

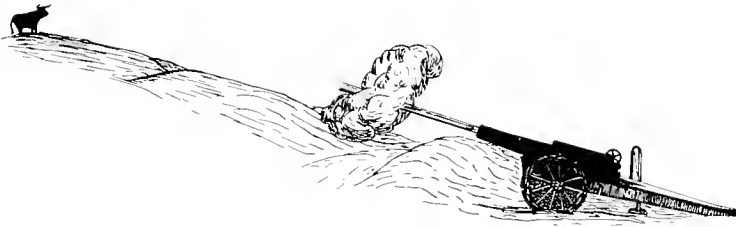
Scott  
Rolston, F.  
Sprinkle  
Wilson, F. D.

Crosby  
Fergusson  
Neal  
Hogshead

Parrish  
Bondurant  
McIlhany  
Jones, J. A.

Russell Ferguson Ernest Herzog  
 Richard Vignale George R. Turner  
 Lee Morton Frank Scott  
 L O V E R S' Club  
 Robert Bugg  
 Frank E. Marion  
 Fred Donnell  
 Thomas Britain  
 William Eastman  
 Skinner  
 Randolph S. Ding  
 Charles Stevens  
 J. B. Herrman





## Our Best Shots

Higgs, B. F. ....	Gun Captain
Neal ....	Swab
McIlhany ....	Water Boy
McFaden ....	Plug Man
Jones, R. S. ....	1st Shellman
Turner ....	2nd Shellman
Rolston, F. ....	Range Finder
Saunders, W. A. ....	Gun Pointer
Sprinkle ....	3rd Shellman
Wimbush ....	Gun Pointer
Gregg ....	The New Irish "52-C. M."
Perry ....	Commander of Fleet
Alexander, H. C. ....	The Great
Fergusson ....	We strive to attain his ability



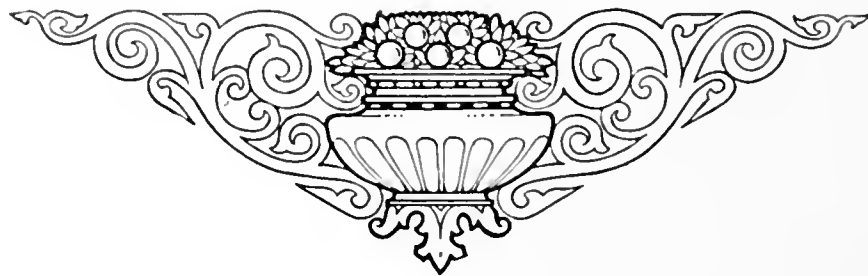
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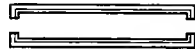
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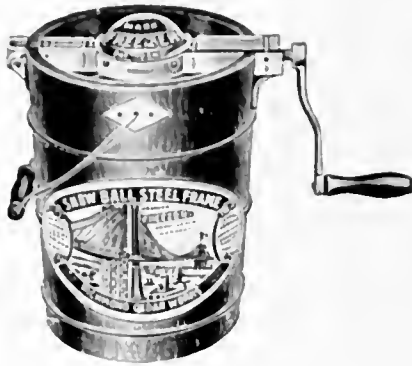
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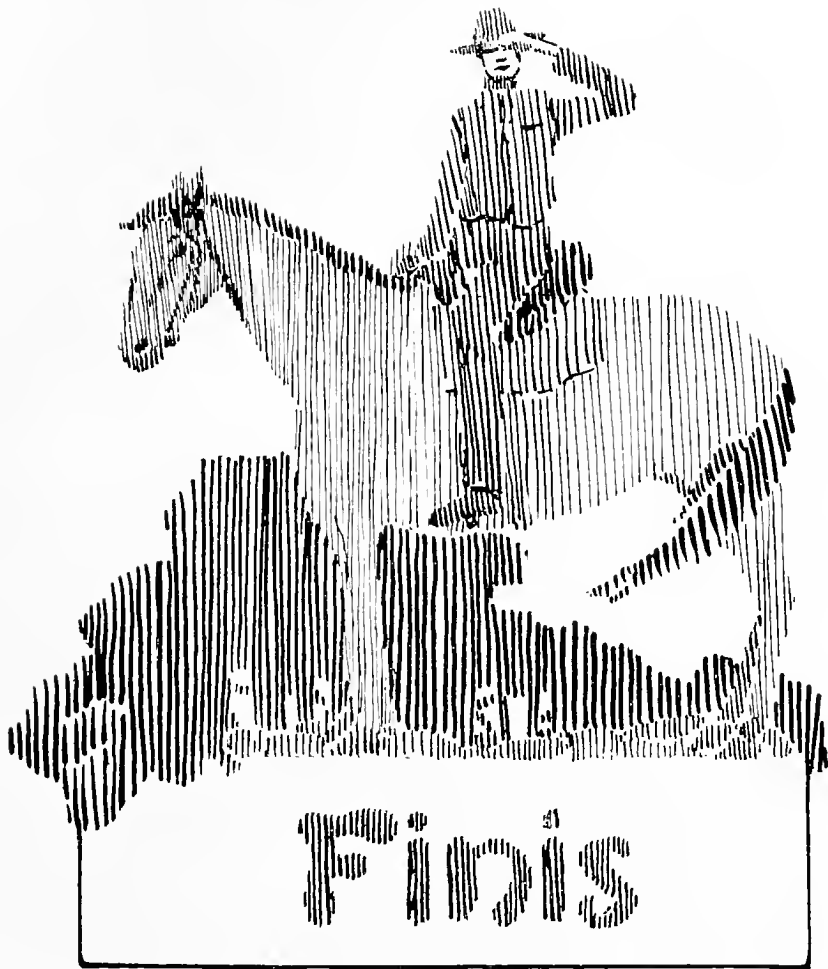
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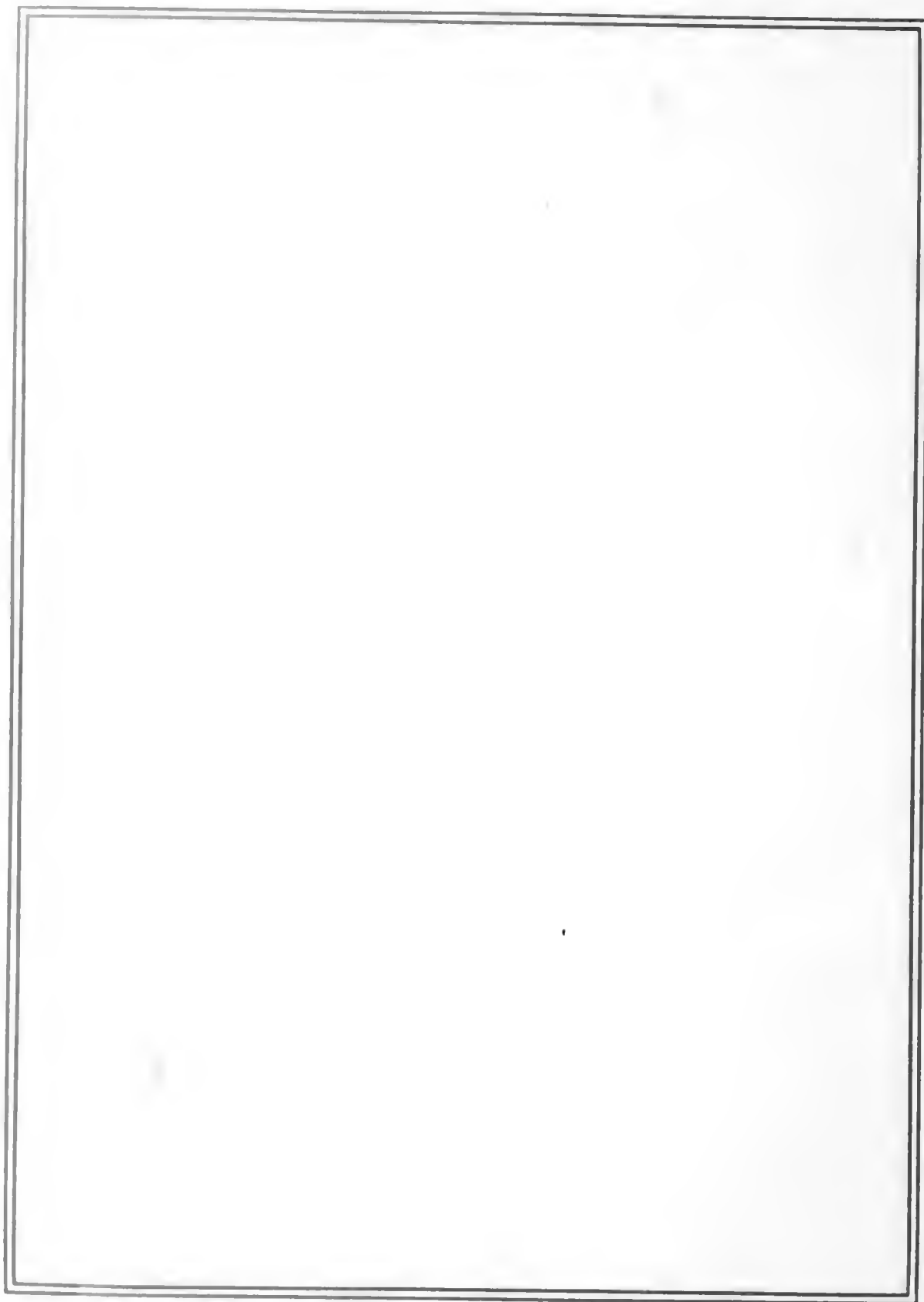
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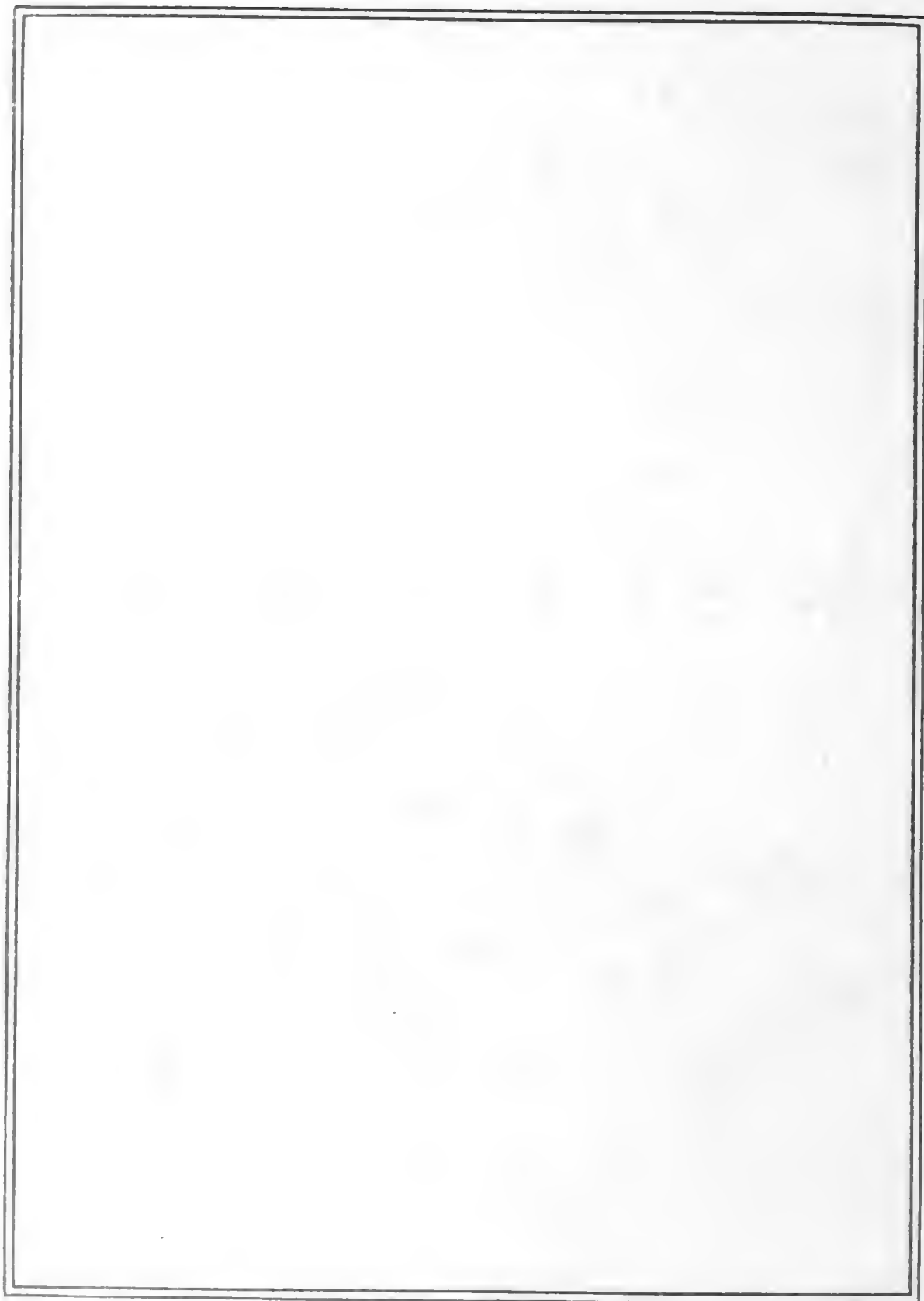
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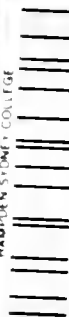
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